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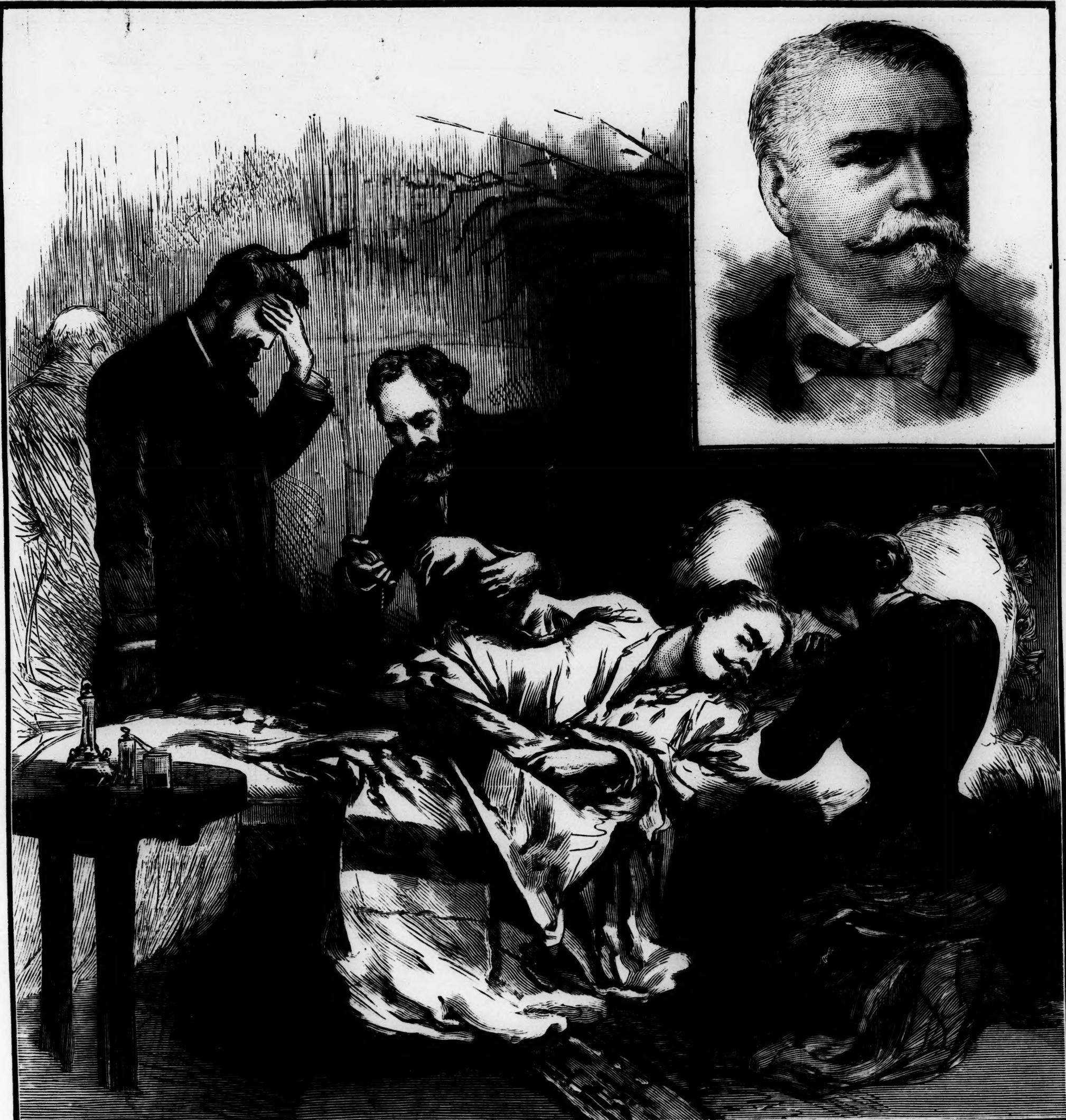
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX, }  
Editor and Proprietor.

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HIS LAST BATTLE!

THE GALLANT MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK QUIETLY SINKS TO REST AT HIS HOME ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the POLICE GAZETTE, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

FIRST BLOOD FOR THE LEPROS.

The military forces of Washington Territory have at last been put in operation by the capitalists and cheap-labor advocates of the Pacific coast against the decent white Americans of that Territory. Finding the curse of the Mongol more than they could bear; smarting under the agony of this ulcer, which not only robbed them of sustenance, but poisoned their families with its hideous vices, the American workingmen of Seattle peacefully and with dignity compelled the hated Chinese of the neighborhood to take passage outward bound. No violence was used. No harm was done. No abuse of their cowardly and treacherous enemies was allowed. On the contrary, they were carefully and religiously protected from the rougher and more intemperate element.

But the tone in which they were told to go was so stern and meaning that the Chinese vermin lost no time in complying with the stern behest.

Hardly had they got aboard the steamer when the usual un-American fanatic, baser and more dangerous to his fellow-Americans than Benedict Arnold, summoned the militia—a lot of half-grown, timid clerks and underlings, bound by every interest to heed the commands of their capitalist employers.

At noon on Feb. 8 the streets of Seattle were full of eagerly curious men and women. The militia had "rescued" the Chinese already on board the steamer and taken them into the Supreme Court.

The despatch says:

No opposition was made to this movement. Judge Green informed each Chinaman that he was at liberty to go or stay, as he chose. The vast majority chose to leave. They were accordingly escorted to the steamer, and those who elected to stay were escorted to their homes.

Up to this time there had been no bloodshed, although the streets were crowded. At noon, however, the home guards were annoyed by a few hotheads. The guards were finally ordered to fire, and responded with a volley. Four men fell, one being killed and three wounded. They were Bernard Mulane, killed; Jas. Murphy, a special policeman, shot through the arm; John Smith, shot in the right arm, and another man, name unknown, who was badly wounded, being shot through the head. The militia formed a hollow square and held the mob at bay for an hour. The crowd then slowly melted away.

Thus was poured out in Seattle, Washington Territory, the first American blood shed by American capital in so-called "protection" of the Chinese cancer that eats and eats its way into the heart of American labor.

WHIPPING THE DEVIL ROUND THE STUMP.

Shortly after prohibition took hold in Topeka, Kansas, a fly young man organized a society known as the "Platt Deutsche Verein" which had for its ostensible object the propagation of the German language. Shares were issued at one dollar each, and each shareholder was entitled to buy eight small tickets for twenty-five cents, each good for one glass of beer. A great many people went into the enterprise, and among a certain element there was a desire amounting to a craze to learn the German language. The school hours began at early dawn and the patient instructor and a numerous corps of assistants were employed in many instances all night. After awhile the officers of the law began to smell around the institution, and Mr. Chas. Berger, the fly principal, was put on trial for violating the prohibitory law, and the jury rendered a verdict of guilty.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent writes that W. S. Gilbert, the author of the opera librettos, is a cynical man, cold and overbearing in his manner. This is a surprise to those who have listened to "Pinafore" and "The Mikado." There is no trace of satire nor cynicism in either of them. Even the "Bab Ballads" are entirely free of such a tone.

# ONE MORE!

Another of the Great Generals of the Late War Gone to His Rest.

Hancock Follows Grant, McDowell and McClellan.

Gen. Hancock is dead.

About twenty days ago he went to Philadelphia, and after a day's sojourn proceeded to Washington. While there a little boil appeared on the back of his neck directly above the vertebra. On the 29th of January it was lanced, and about four days later developed into a carbuncle. When Gen. Hancock returned to Governor's Island he seemed but little affected by his ailment. And it was only last Wednesday, when Mrs. Hancock was meditating a visit with some relatives to Florida, that he admitted indisposition. She at once gave up her intended trip and remained with her husband, who, however, betrayed no evidence of increasing illness.

On Sunday Gen. Hancock took to his bed, but his symptoms were not believed to indicate any sudden crisis. Dr. Janeway, the attending physician, was frequently at his bedside, and he was hopeful that his patient's robust constitution would withstand the attack, which, however, he recognized as serious. Nothing of the commander's illness was known in the post quarters beyond the fact of his indisposition, and the news of yesterday afternoon came upon officers and men most unexpectedly. On Monday night Dr. Janeway had sat in the General's room and conversed with him. The patient had rallied and seemed on the point of improvement. The carbuncle on his neck had by fits and starts relieved itself, but it seemed to cause him the most concern.

It was 4 o'clock Tuesday morning when the fatal symptoms began to appear. There was a sudden hemorrhage from the carbuncle and an immediate prostration. A couple of hours passed and the patient was growing worse. What seemed sleep was seen unconsciousness. Mrs. Hancock at half-past six o'clock sent an orderly to summon Dr. Janeway. Then Dr. Southland, the medical director of the post, came. Afterward Dr. D. M. Stimpson, of New York, was called for consultation.

But it was of no avail. The diabetic symptoms had developed unexpectedly and could not be abated. Hypodermic injections of brandy and ether and of carbonate of ammonia and brandy were administered. They were without effect. The General lay unconscious and moment by moment his breathing was more labored. The physicians had made preparations in expectation of his being attacked with convulsions. But the great, massive figure lay prone and without a struggle. He never spoke and he never moved.

It was his own bedchamber in which General Hancock lay dying. It is on the second floor of the principal cottage, and its windows overlook the esplanade. Below it, back on the worn brown terpene of Fort Williams, the sunlight shone on the curving backs of the great guns. Seaward a wall of golden mist shut out the prospect of the bay. On their posts blue-coated sentries paced and saluted. The red flash of an officer's upturned cloak glowed fitfully about the barracks, and once or twice the music of the bugle call stole in. The routine of military duty was going on as ever. The life of the camp was throbbing just as always. And no one knew of the secret of that chamber, with its drawn curtains and lowered blinds.

The plainness of its furnishing, the objects with which it was encumbered, bespeak the kindness and simplicity of the life that was going out. There was hardly a suggestion of the inmate's martial life around. The American flag that leaned against the wall was but the toy standard of the general's little grandson. On the floor was a great rotary toy railway for running tiny cars on. The mantelpiece was littered with a child's playthings, and on a table in the corner was a lot of Indian relics and curios. By the general's bed hung a picture of Elizabeth signing the hapless Queen of Scots' death warrant, and a companion engraving was on the wall beyond.

Not a suggestion was there of those years of toil and strife, except outside, where the face of the dying general in the prime of manhood, with the brown beard and mustache of other days, looked sternly from its frame on the wall, as it had done above the charging lines at Gettysburg and the Wilderness. The physicians only gathered around the bed—they and the loyal hospital steward. But in an adjoining room, grief stricken and prostrated by the knowledge which could not be concealed, Mrs. Hancock awaited the moment of her husband's dissolution.

The morning passed.

The general lay still. Only the breath coming slower and slower. Only the weakening beating of the pulse.

Noon came.

The call of the bugle rippled in soft waves on the air. The sound of the muster in the barracks came in as usual, softened by the distance. But they fell upon dull ears. The unconscious commander was slowly retreating from life.

Weaker grew the pulse beats. The breast hardly stirred. Dissolution was gradual, but certain. At nine minutes to three o'clock the physicians bent over and then turned sorrowfully away. The manly face which had so well befit the calling of its owner had turned to marble. The leader who had passed through the dangers of the field from Contreras to Appomattox lay in the midst of the soldiers who had loved him to death.

There was no stir in the house of death. Orderly Sill, who had been a favorite attendant, paced his post in front of the door. The soldiers going and coming beyond the esplanade knew not what had happened. Then Capt. Griffin, the general's aide, came out with the official notifications, and presently the lowered flag above the quarters told the melancholy tale. Beyond his wife there were no immediate relatives but his favorite grandson, Gwinne. His granddaughters Ada and Myra, are now with their mother in Clarksville, Miss., and excepting their father, Russell, who died a year ago, and a daughter who died some seven years ago, Gen. Hancock had no children.

## OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

### Burglars and Their Gals.

The confederacy existing between professional burglars and servant girls is illustrated on our back page.

### A Good Arrest.

Detective Price neatly captured a couple of the Tarrytown burglars on Sixth avenue last week. We illustrate the scene.

### He Took a Header.

A Cincinnati constable Duke Williams by name, one day last week was tipped head over heels into a garbage barrel by one H. C. Sneake.

### Her Death Leap.

Mme. Theodore Brancha, a despondent French woman, on Feb 7 jumped off high Bridge and was instantly killed by striking the ice 12 feet below.

### An Ice-Bound Can-Can.

A large party of travelers, weather-bound in a Montreal railroad station, kept themselves warm by dancing the can-can to a tune played by a frost-bitten Italian organ-grinder. We illustrate the scene elsewhere.

### Mr. Loan's Little Spree.

A wealthy Brooklyn contractor named William Loan, took a pretty married woman named Williams out sleigh driving to Coney Island. The horse ran away into the creek and was drowned, while the man and woman were badly frost-bitten.

### A Terrible Experience.

The recent terrible mutiny on board the American ship Frank N. Thayer is illustrated on another page. Two Lascars after killing the mates and three of the crew set the ship on fire. One of them was shot by the captain and the other jumped overboard. The captain, his wife and child and the surviving seamen took to a boat and brought up at St. Helena.

### Landed on a Passing Horse Car.

The spectacle of a man being taken from the roof of a street car by means of a step-ladder attracted a crowd in Sixth avenue near Twenty-third street, last evening. The man was almost helpless. His thigh was fractured and he had some internal hurts. He is Herbert Osmond, a telegraph operator, who lives at 53 Bowery. He had fallen from an elevated railroad car platform between the tracks and ties and through the structure upon the roof of the surface car.

### "Away, Ye Pharisees!"

The executive committee of the Baptist Ministers' Association held probably the most animated session in its history at Tremont Temple, Boston. Just as the meeting adjourned for lunch Parson Downs and Lawyer Coffey happened to enter the Temple on business. The reverends received him with marked cordiality, and several addressed him with "How do you do, Brother Downs?" The doughty parson, with a sarcastic smile and a triumphant snap of his right finger and thumb, hastened by, muttering, "Away, ye Pharisees!"

### Beauty's Ride On a Shovel.

Boston's streets are rivers of slush and practically impassable for pretty girls. One of the prettiest, with skirts dauntly raised, stood perplexed at the Common gate the other afternoon, ruefully eyeing the Stygian stream between the Tremont street curbstones.

Exquisite youths were helpless to aid her, but a good-natured Irish laborer gallantly came to her aid with a big snow shovel. He told the young lady to step on the shovel, and while a gentleman steadied her by holding her hand, the stalwart laborer lifted the shovel and carefully bore her to the other side dry-shod.

### A Queer Delusion.

Ex-Mayor Daniel R. Clymer, of Reading, Pa., while temporarily insane, in a red flannel shirt and pantaloons, in his stocking feet, hurried to a neighbor's house some distance away and rushed into the parlor, much to the consternation of the inmates. He carried a piece of paper which he said was his death warrant. One of the young ladies with considerable presence of mind asked him to listen while she played the piano. His favorite hymn was played, and in a few minutes the excited man became cool and rational, and was about excusing his appearance, when his attendant entered with an overcoat and boots. Mr. Clymer was then dressed and taken home.

### His Finger Between Her Teeth.

Miss Hattie Bumpus, seventeen years old, was returning home from a friend's house a few evenings ago, and when near the Wacham Narrows bridge, Mass., James W. Besse sprang upon her, placed his hand over her mouth and attempted to force her to the ground. Miss Bumpus got one of her assailant's fingers in her mouth which caused him to relax his hold. She screamed loudly for help, and parties in the immediate vicinity ran to her assistance. At their approach Besse took to the woods. Deputy Sheriff Harley at a late hour succeeded in approaching to within a few feet of Besse before being seen, and pointing his revolver at the fellow ordered him to surrender, which Besse very reluctantly did. He was taken to Middleboro, and was held in \$2,000. Besse is twenty-six years old and a near relative of the alleged murderer of the New Bedford egg-dealer. He has served several terms in prison.

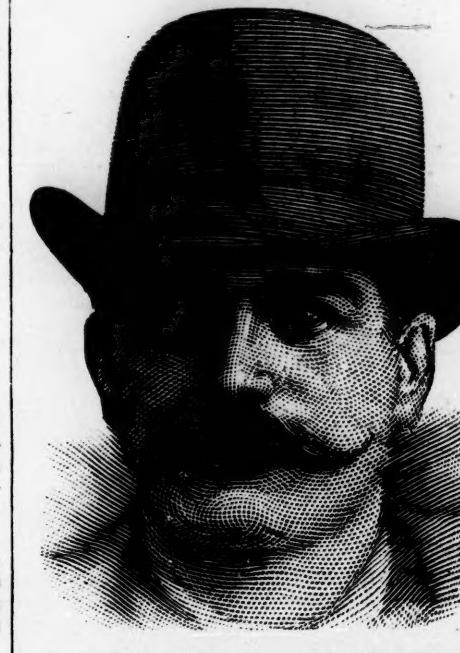
### He Held the Fort.

Frantic yell of "Police! Police!" a succession of loud blows and a shower of glass that scattered the crowd on Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, the other day, brought two policemen on a dead run. Col. W. L. Foulk, the besieged advertising agent, appeared at a second story window in his shirt sleeves and yelled while his long arms moved like wind mills. In the hall a party headed by his son, Roswell Foulk, were battering in the office door with crowbars, while inside stood two brawny Irishmen, one armed with an axe handle, the other with a revolver, waiting until the bars and bolts gave way to get a whack at the intruders. In a few moments the police had stopped the row and dragged young Foulk around to the Central police station. He gave bail at once and returned to the building.

He had hardly got his breath again when the attack was repeated, and this time Col. Foulk in his eagerness to raise a cry for help, ran his head through a pane of glass in the window. Again the police made a charge and cleared out the besiegers, leaving Col. Foulk in possession.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



At the head of this column this week smiles the handsome and amiable visage of Mr. William E. Dean, whose immense livery stable, Nos. 139, 141 and 143 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street is one of the sights of New York. Some of the best known sporting men in this city house their flyers in Brother Dean's equine palace. He is, by long odds, the most popular and prosperous stablekeeper on Manhattan Island.

### Dave Godwin, English Oarsman.

One of our sporting portraits this week is that of David Godwin, of London, England, the famous English oarsman.

### W. E. Bennett.

Elsewhere is a portrait of Wm. E. Bennett, of Toronto, the amateur champion on snowshoes, who has won numerous contests.

### Henry C. Peterson.

Elsewhere we publish a portrait of Henry C. Peterson, of San Francisco, who is eager to row any man on the Pacific Slope three or five miles, for \$500 a side.

### William Steinitz.

William Steinitz, who is, perhaps, the most thorough chess player living, was born at Prague. His first attempt at chess playing was with local players at Prague. In 1882 he first visited America and has since become a citizen of the United States.

### John Ellingsworth.

In another column will be found a portrait of John Ellingsworth of this city, one of the famous Ellingsworth family of boxers. Ellingsworth has figured in numerous amateur glove contests with varied success, and he is quite an expert. He is a member of the Pastime Athletic Club, of this city.

### Helen Dauvray.

The Lyceum theatre, built and almost ruined by Steele Mackaye, is now one of the most prosperous establishments in America. This result has been gained by the production of Bronson Howard's "One of Our Girls," in which Kate Shipley, the heroine, is magnificently performed by Helen Dauvray, whose portrait we print elsewhere.

### Harry Horsey.

This young man has recently caused considerable trouble at Kingston, Can., by being the cause of numerous fires in the business portion of the town. For many nights a number of citizens stood guard over their property until at last the young firebug was captured, almost in the very act of setting fire to a store. He is well connected and gives no reason for his strange actions.

### John O'Donnell.

Railroad Commissioner John O'Donnell, whose striking and handsome face we print elsewhere, is the honest official who brought the management of the elevated railroads to their senses during the late strike. It will be remembered that when the Ninth and Second avenue roads were closed, as a trick to intimidate the strikers, Mr. O'Donnell, in the name of the State of New York, compelled their reopening.

### Chas. B. Lomasney.

This young champion heavy-weight pugilist of Illinois is about twenty-seven years of age and weighs, in condition, 171 pounds. He has appeared in numerous exhibitions, once with Jack Burke. He has fought twice with Frank Glover. His first fight was a draw, and the second Glover won on a foul. He also met Billy Manning, with soft gloves. Mr. Alf. Kennedy, Lomasney's backer, is ready to back him against any Illinois heavy weight for any amount.

### The Travelers of Buffalo.

This week will be found on another page a picture of the Traveler Baseball and Sporting Club, of Buffalo. This club has won the championship of the Amateur League of Buffalo during the seasons of 1884-85, and is the best amateur baseball club of Western New York. During the past season Jas. Dee, shortstop, has led the nine in fielding with an average of .90. This is the young player who made such a fine fielding record in the Alleghenies in '84. James H. Taylor led in batting, with an average of .360. This club is one of the strongest club organizations in Buffalo, being incorporated and in good circumstances.

### Rev. Dr. Armstrong.

Bishop Beckwith, of Atlanta, Ga., sent to the Rev. James G. Armstrong, D. D., rector of St. Philip's Church, last week the finding of the ecclesiastical court in his case. His trial on the charge of drinking beer in a Cincinnati hotel and visiting houses of ill repute in that town ended a day or two ago. The court finds Dr. Armstrong guilty of a violation of his ordination vows. The sentence of the court is suspension

## THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



repeatedly, bruising his head and leaving bloody marks on his neck, where his finger nails had torn the skin and flesh.

On Oct. 11 he threw a large dictionary at his wife, striking her in the side, laming her and making a large bruise. On Dec. 15 he ordered her to leave his house and home, angrily telling her he would give her but twenty minutes to leave his house, and when she exasperated he rushed at her and struck her on the head. Believing herself to be in imminent peril of her life she ran toward the front door and urged him not to beat her, but he followed and violently knocked



He chokes her against the door.

her on the head and pushed her against the door, bruising her head, so that a large swelling remained for a week.

Mrs. Dunn further says that from Jan. 7, 1884, to Dec. 15, 1885, Gen. Dunn kept continuously residing with him one Mrs. Maria Caswell, alias "Mrs. Gano," a married woman, unrelated to either plaintiff or defendant, whose husband is still living. During that period Gen. Dunn no longer occupied the same bedroom with his wife, but slept in a bedroom immediately adjacent to that of Mrs. Caswell, there being connecting doors between their rooms. He continuously neglected his wife and lavished his attentions on Mrs. Caswell, driving out alone with her to the park and other places of pleasure, and, as Mrs. Dunn is informed, representing her at times as his cousin and at times as his wife.

During the same period, by Gen. Dunn's consent, Mrs. Caswell gradually assumed the mistresship of the house. Mrs. Dunn accused Mrs. Caswell of suspected adultery with her husband, and implored her to leave the house, but she refused to do so. Gen. Dunn also refused to send her away, and placed her in a position of domination in the house. He also frequently spoke of his wife before Mrs. Caswell and the children as "that brute," "that devil," and Mrs. Caswell repeated these names, and warned the children not to trust their mother, saying that the latter would cut their throats. After turning his wife into the street, Gen. Dunn retained Mrs. Caswell. Mrs. Dunn says her sons are with her voluntarily, and she asks that their care be given to her.

Mrs. Caswell is the wife of Charles S. Caswell, of 596 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn. She was a Miss Maria Gano Robins, and they were married twenty-three years ago. They lived together for nineteen years. She left him in January, 1884, and he threatened to bring suit against Gen. Dunn for alienating his wife's affections. It was discovered that Caswell was a divorced man when he married Miss Robins, and as this was a bar to a second marriage in this State, Mrs. Caswell brought a suit and had her marriage declared null and void on Oct. 17, 1885.

Gen. Dunn is often seen on the road behind his handsome team Pluto and Black Chief. He is a practising lawyer at 76 Nassau street. Mrs. Dunn is described as quiet and reserved, and devoted to her church—the Park Avenue M. E. Church—where she was teacher in the Sunday school. She says Gen. Dunn first introduced Mrs. Caswell on the pretence that she was a client whose presence it was necessary to have. He had described her as an elderly lady, and Mrs. Dunn was much surprised to meet a handsome blonde about thirty-five years of age. This was early in 1883. In March Mrs. Caswell went to Europe with the boy Gano, and Gen. Dunn followed in July, and they traveled abroad together. On their return Mrs. Dunn objected to Mrs. Caswell's coming again to the house, and Gen. Dunn promised that it should be only for twelve weeks; but when she got there she stayed. Mrs. Dunn says she would have left her husband earlier, but she did not like to leave her children exposed to bad influences.

## Wreck of a Home.

Mrs. Marian C. Daggett ascended the stand in Judge Shepard's Court, in Chicago, the other day, and placed beside her a fair-haired little boy dressed in a sailor's suit. She is a lady of about thirty, with regular and



Forced to hard labor.

This caused her a serious illness which confined her to her bed for three weeks. He refused to send for a doctor until urged to do so by others.

On July 3, 1885, the complainant adds, Gen. Dunn struck his eldest son Gano on the head with his fist, and when his wife interfered he pushed her against the door, almost knocking her breathless and spraining her foot, from which she has never recovered. On Aug. 12, at Leeds, N. Y., he knocked Gano down, and, although his wife begged him to stop, he struck the boy

delicate features, and evidently had once been beautiful. Her pale face bore the traces of a great sorrow, and she gave her evidence with great emotion. Her speech, dress and general appearance showed her to be a lady of good breeding.

She said that she was married in 1879 to George H. Daggett in Milwaukee. They came to Chicago in January, 1885, and went to housekeeping.

On March 11, 1885, Mr. Daggett came home, and they had some conversation about going to a "sociable." He said he did not care to go, and then jumped up suddenly and rushed up stairs. She followed him. "I found him in the back room," said Mrs. Daggett, "lying on the bed, crying bitterly. I said, 'George, what is the matter?' He replied: 'I don't feel very well,' and then he added, suddenly, 'I have been untrue to you, Marian.' It then flashed across my mind," continued the witness, "that a note I had received in the previous September was true. It was an anonymous letter. It said my husband had been for some time criminally intimate with a young woman who resided at Racine. It stated that he had given her presents and had visited her constantly. He had been driving with her and sleigh-riding every day while I was away, and concluded by saying that unless something was done my home would be broken up. I had such confidence in him that I did not place the slightest reliance on the letter."

"One evening, however, I took the letter to my husband and said: 'George, here is a letter I received. I don't believe it, but I thought it best to show it to you.' I read it through for him, and he said it was a lie.

"When he told me that he was untrue to me for over a year I was astonished and this letter flashed back



"Bah!"

been broken. He has lost all his business and his health is gone. I know it will kill him.' I said: 'I have come here with the full determination of going to see your father.' She begged and implored most piteously of me not to tell her father. And I did not on condition that she would break off all connection with George. She promised to do so, but has since resumed it and has broken my daughter's heart."

The court ordered the case written up.

## STAGE WHISPERS.

**Osmond Tearle** will return to Wallack's as leading man next season. Osmond is a pretty tart actor.

**Thoman**, the aged actor who died in the Forrest Home last week, is the first actor to be cremated.

**Ellen Terry** gets \$375 a week fifty-two weeks of the year, with a vacation whenever she chooses.

**Kitty O'Neill**, the jig dancer, is seriously ill at her home in New York. She is the wife of Harry Kernal.

**Alex. Balfour**, a well, but not exactly favorably known professional, died in Angus, Iowa, last week.

**Mrs. T. F. Kelly**, wife of the manager of the National theatre, Philadelphia, is visiting friends in this city.

An easily-pleased Western correspondent speaks of W. A. Mastayer's singing as the finest ever heard in town.

Out of the earnings of "The Inside Track," Oliver Byron has added a cottage at Monmouth Beach to his real estate.

**Frank L. Yerance** leaves the business management of Fred Bock's company to enter the "Monte Cristo" field.

The spectacular and scenic features of "Zoro" were highly appreciated by the theatre-goers of St. Louis last week.

A new place of amusement called the Westminster Musee will be opened in Providence some time this month.

There is a divinity that doth hedge a king, but it is usually got up in tights and wears a fringe around its waist.

**George W. June** is to hold up the bone end in the Elks' Home Minstrels at Indianapolis shortly at the benefit for that order.

**Porter J. White**, a popular young St. Louis actor, has been engaged to play leading parts in Edward Wodiska's company.

Proposals are out for bids on the work at Harry Miner's new Newark theatre. Seats are already booked for the opening night.

**Frank Bowers**, now in advance, will succeed E. B. Ludlow in the management of the "Wages of Sin" company next season.

In the present style of a shirt collar a young man of fashion may be safely trusted in the gilded halls of pleasure. An entire corps de ballet could not turn his head.

Indianapolis has come to the front with an ordinance prohibiting the posting of printing or the display of lithographs relative to the exposition of the female figure exposed in tights.

It is stated that the cause of John Russell's withdrawal from the Kate Castleton company was the fact that he stayed back with the party one evening and took a look at the show.

Rice's Mikado company has disbanded, his backer paying all indebtedness. A most exemplary backer—a lady, by the way. She is out of pocket some \$2,400, but leaves not a wail behind her.

**Dan Maginnis**, who was cast for one of the principal parts in "The Jilt," at the Boston Museum, was taken with a severe hemorrhage of the nose during the dress rehearsal, and was compelled to forego playing.

**Joe Levy** says everything used in the new production of "Hernan," at the Star theatre, by Lawrence Barrett and his company, will be fresh and new. Frank McKee says that he can now understand why the salt market is acting so cranky.

**Miss Plaith**, a fat beauty, is announced as a "mountain of fat," while her rival, Mme. de Berrouger, is out in a card headed by the line: "Fat and Plenty of It." Nothing small about these women, for they weigh together nearly a half-ton.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Times confesses that the ordinary public of Gotham will not patronize tragedy or high class plays. They want extravagant humbug like "Adonis," and prefer opera bouffe with plenty of legs and no dressing to speak of.

**M. J. Gallagher**, one of the best in the creation of eccentric Irish character in modern comedy, is at liberty through the break-up of "Her Atone-ment" company. In this play and in "The Rag Baby" skit he created the Irish policeman, inventing a good deal of comic business.

**Sarah Bernhardt** is reported as dieting herself upon pork. Too late, Sarah. The combined porcine product of Cincinnati and Chicago would not put upon thy spare ribs. By the by we have always understood that Sarah was a daughter of Judah. Is it possible that she would eat of the unclean? Probably her past career fits her for anything.

**Six people**, including a song and dance woman in changes of dress, a song and dance man to burlesque an Irish policeman, and another to caricature a German waiter, or something of that sort, together with an ancient woman's right old maid in fantastic dress, and you have what managers call nowadays a great comedy company in a magnificent comedy.

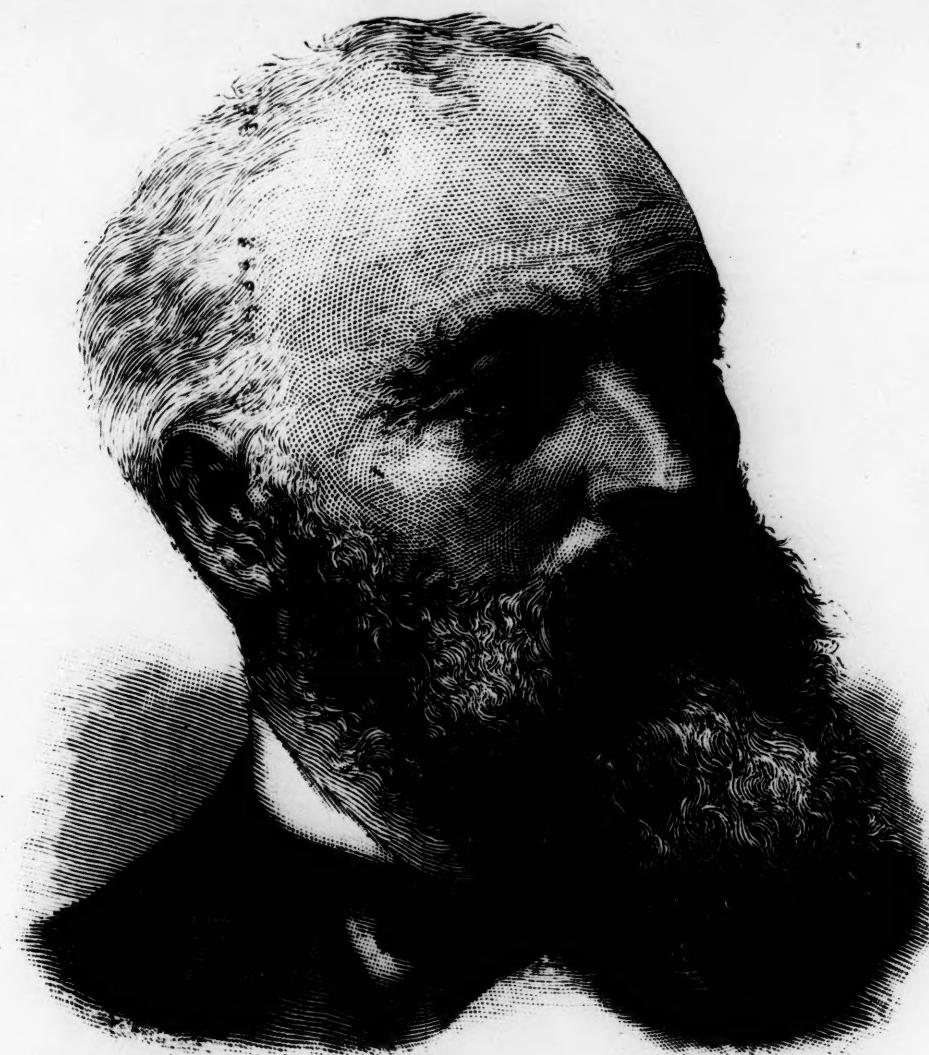
Rehearsals of Ned Harrigan's new play are going on almost daily at the new Park theatre, although the piece has not yet been named. Besides those given to the principals, almost every part in the play is a character sketch, and will show in a strong light the extraordinary capabilities of the company in a work of this kind. The airs that Brahman has composed for it are said to be more than usually tuneful. It will be an immense go, sure.



"The girl seemed stunned."

with her son-in-law she sought out the girl, whose father is an extensive hatter in Racine, and told her she must give up her illicit love, that she was ruining a once happy home.

"The girl seemed stunned," said the witness, "and said she had been deceived. 'George,' she said, 'used to meet me coming home from school and walk home with me. My father knew of it, but was not aware he was a married man. One evening he hired a buggy and called for me. I went out to ride with him. Then it was that he caused my ruin. Since my father found out that I have been flirting with him his spirit has



**JOHN O'DONNELL,**  
THE BRAVE RAILROAD COMMISSIONER WHO BROUGHT THE ELEVATED MONOPOLY TO TERMS.



**HELENE DAUVRAY**  
THE BRILLIANT YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO REDEEMED THE LYCEUM THEATRE BY HER TALENT.



**REV. DR. JAMES G. ARMSTRONG,**  
TRIED FOR IMMORALITY BY HIS CHURCH, AND  
FOUND GUILTY, ATLANTA, GA.



**JOHANN ZUKERTORT,**  
THE WONDERFUL RUSSIAN CHESS CHAMPION  
WHO IS NOW PLAYING AGAINST STEINITZ.



**WILLIAM STEINITZ,**  
THE CHESS PLAYER WHO IS NOW CONTESTING  
THE CHAMPIONSHIP WITH ZUKERTORT.



**HARRY HORSEY,**  
THE YOUNG FIREBUG RECENTLY CAUGHT IN  
THE ACT AT KINGSTON, CANADA.



**HE TOOK A HEADER.**  
CONSTABLE DUDE WILLIAMS OF CINCINNATI, IS STOOD UPSIDE DOWN IN A GARBAGE BARREL.

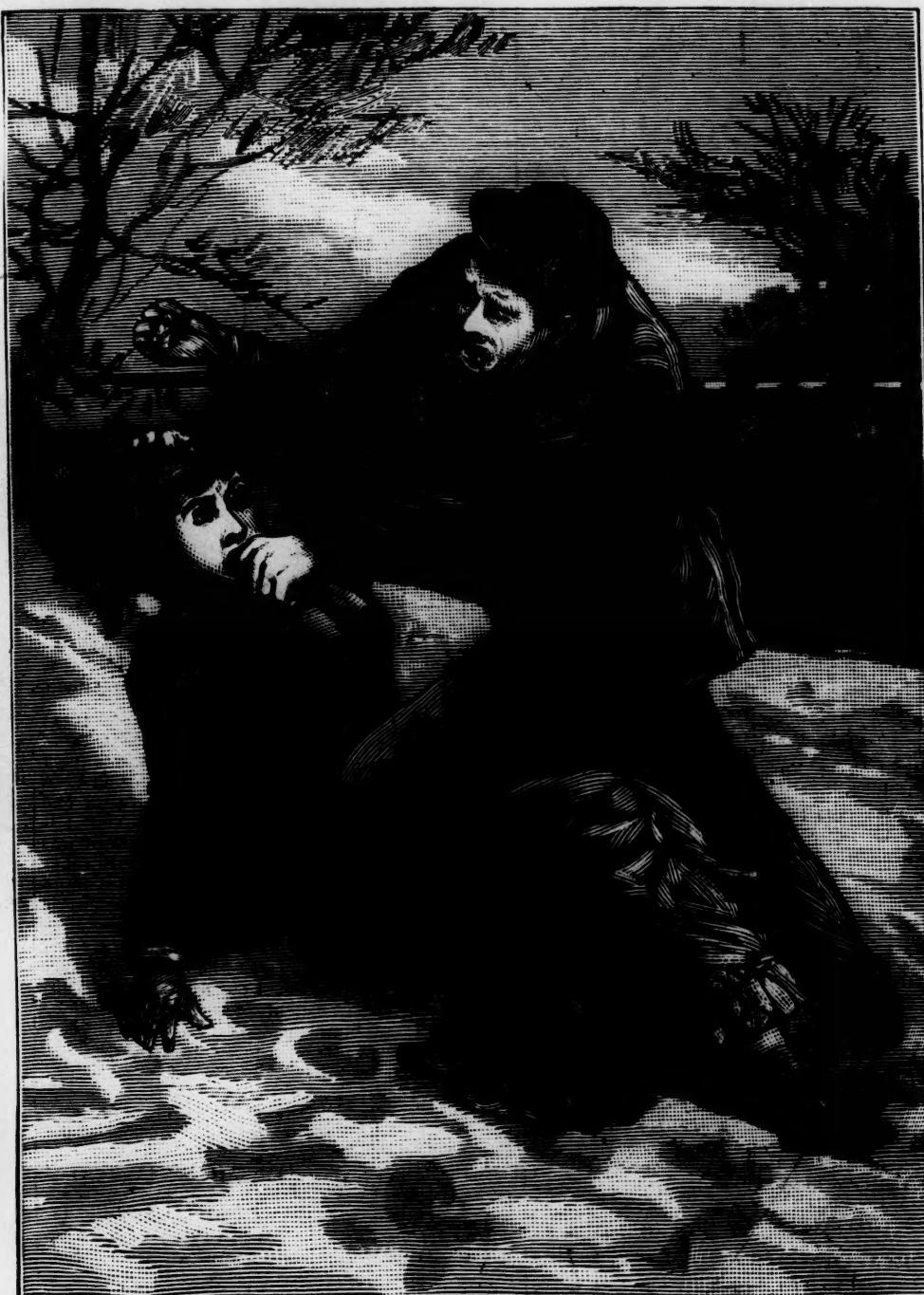


**AWAY YE PHARISEES!**  
BROTHER DOWNS OF BOSTON, SEVERELY SNUBS SOME OF HIS BOSTON BRETHREN.



AN ACT OF SHOVEL-RY.

A BOSTON LABORER COMES TO THE RESCUE OF BEAUTY IN SNOW AND DISTRESS.



SHE FOILED HIM.

MISS HATTIE BUMFUS OF WAREHAM NARROWS, MASS., BAFFLES A FIENDISH VIOLATOR.



A QUEER DELUSION.

EX-MAYOR CLYMER, OF READING, PA., HAS A STRANGE EXPERIENCE IN A NEIGHBOR'S DRAWING ROOM WHILE TEMPORARILY INSANE.

## GUSHING GIRLHOOD.

**It Stirs Up Yale College and Astonishes New York With a Choice Club Scandal of Its Own.**

## Just Like Real Men.

A New York correspondent, writing of a woman's club recently organized, says: "I think the girls overdid the thing in some directions. For instance, holding it to be a fact that men are given to pictures revealing the feminine form more or less insufficiently adorned, the girls chose pictures and figures of exactly the opposite sort. The lounging-room would have been taken for the regular thing in a club, and at times the dainty clouds of cigarette smoke and the chink of cut-glass tumblers left nothing but male apparel and mustaches wanting to form a reproduction exactly like an original."

But there were mustaches and there were trousers. The mustaches belonged to James Butts, the steward. The girls had intended to have no man in the place, but little Jennie Lafarge (give the so forcibly in favor of way of protection that it was agreed to hire a male steward, who was never to come up higher than the billiard-room floor unless called). Having gained her point Miss Jennie found James Butts, who had been butler to her father, but had been discharged. He was a rather surly Englishman, looked like a typical coachman, and seemed to some of the girls to have what women call a wicked eye—an expression that no man would ever understand at all. As to the trousers, why one of the secrets of the club was that all the girls were to attend the monthly ladies' reception at a certain masculine club, and there each girl was to study the behavior of at least one man. On the next night at the Sub Rosa Club three of the girls dressed in men's clothes, to the better imitate what they had seen the real men do the night before. On that night Mr. James Butts was told to take a holiday, though the behavior of the girls was wholly circumspect, except the male attire. But two things not in the programme served to break up the club.

One was the "bar," as we called the refreshment room. I tell you those girls will never deny that the wickedest tales told of liquor are solemn truths, for they saw, and some of them felt, just what it could do when taken in too great a quantity. The girls had not been used to having intoxicants ready at hand, and when one after another found herself under the influence it was not because she had a taste for liquor, or wanted to drink too much—it was just because the juleps and mashes tasted weak and good and innocent.



Sliding down the balustrade.

and so the girls were led into drinking too many. Well, I can't tell such horrid tales out of school, but there are pretty well authenticated rumors that on one night one of the girls took to sliding down the balustrades. O, it was shocking, though innocent enough! Worse yet, on another night two of the sweetest young women, I am told, who ever were known, grew a little overheated, quarreled, and actually threatened to fight like men. We wouldn't have been surprised to see them rolling over and over on the floor and going to their homes in cabs literally in rags. One is the teacher of a Bible class in a church near Central Park, and the other is a first graduate of Vassar. More than half the girls grew ashamed and frightened, and

Sub Rosa lost caste among its own members, so that only about half the quota continued to go there. In this strait, when things were just about to be mended by the prohibition of all beverages except lemonade, ginger pop and cider, tea and milk, something far more shocking took place—something almost paralyzing; indeed, it did paralyze society. Miss Jennie Lafarge—as I have called her—was ob-

served to be just about living at the club house. One never could go there, it is said, without finding her there, nor could any outstay her. Then there were whispers that she and James Butts had

As the acquaintance ripened, she was several times introduced into college rooms late at night, and college gossips speak of hilarious times on some of these occasions. At any rate, those visits were continued



"Girls, congratulate me. This is my husband."

been seen to exchange glances. Indeed, there was a story that the silly girl was caught being kissed by this impudent Butts, but no one paid any attention to the tale, because it was told by a dowdy dressed, pert miss of a family no one knows. Besides she did not pay her dues. But it must have been true, for one day the steward was missing, and while all the girls were in the parlor that evening, having a musical, a carriage rattled up to the door and in came Miss Lafarge leading James Butts by the hand.

"Girls, congratulate me," she said: "this is my husband. He and I were engaged when he lived at my home. My people suspected our sentiment and dismissed him, and so I had him come here, and—and now I shall have him to myself for all time."

Well, did you ever?

Thank goodness, the presidentess had nerve enough for the occasion.

"Ladies," said she, "if these persons propose to stay here another moment, of course, we must go to our homes."

The bride and groom said they proposed to stay, and so the girls went home, and the Sub Rosa Club House has never been opened since. So ends the tale, and it is all imaginary—as I confess, now that I have led you to read it through—it is just about what would happen if girls should indulge in club life.

## She Cleaned Out the College.

The gossips of Yale College are now discussing the misfortunes of some of their number, who, bewitched by the wiles of an adventress, are considerably fallen

in finances, as well as in their own estimation.

Some five years ago a fashionable millinery shop was conducted across the street from the Transcript office in Derby, Conn. The proprietress' name, as exhibited on her showy sign, was "Mlle. Eva Bennett." Mlle. Bennett soon built up a large business by means of her pretty millinery and her own bewitching manners, but it became noticed about that the petite young lady was also conducting a maison de joie in the same town. Owing to the circulation of this fact, Mlle. Bennett's business gradually fell off, and she soon left Derby and went to Boston. There she continued for about three years, and last November departed from Boston and went to New Haven. She engaged rooms at a disreputable hotel, and was soon a familiar figure on Chapel street, the main promenade of the city.

Of remarkably neat and stylish figure, the newcomer attracted much notice among the fast young men of the city, but paying no attention to their variety of games, the young lady devoted herself entirely to certain wealthy but foolish students of Yale college. About a week after her arrival in town she personally called at several students' rooms and left a neat card bearing the simple legend "Miss Eva Bennett." The recipients hunted up the sender of the card, and, stricken by her fashionable appearance, her pretty face, and her blonde hair, the foolish students succumbed and became devoted admirers, but



A college chump.

this admiration cost money, as Miss Bennett soon developed a taste for champagne suppers and similar luxuries. Nevertheless, the fact that she had formerly been connected with a Boston opera troupe, which she allowed to escape her when apparently under the influence of wine, was sufficient to retain her unfeigned student admirers.

for some time, until Miss Bennett suddenly intimated that a trifling loan would prove desirable. This hint somewhat cooled the ardor of her admirers, and after it had been repeated several times, further "loans"



The threat of exposure.

were refused. But Miss Bennett proved equal to the occasion, and coolly threatened to expose the whole affair if the money was not paid. Terrified at the expulsion from college, which an exposure would surely cause, the students paid the money. One underclassman is said to have alone paid \$100 to the adventress, and one of her canvassing tours netted her \$250.

She also raised considerable money by extorting from undergraduates who had foolishly written her notes, and altogether her operations must have considerably increased her finances. When no money was forthcoming Miss Bennett paid a parting visit to her former acquaintances and then left for Boston. By way of reminder of her adventures, she carried away several little articles of value from rooms which she had visited, one unfortunate youth losing a silver cup won in the athletic contests of the college. Before leaving town the unscrupulous young woman managed to inveigle several business men of the city, and has altogether created quite a sensation.

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## CHILDREN MISSING.

## An Extremely Peculiar Affair at Lafayette, Indiana.

The police of Lafayette, Ind., have been advised of what they now regard as a somewhat singular case. Mr. Bresney, an employee of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Road, has applied to the police for assistance in hunting his two children, aged eight and ten years. Mr. Bresney had the misfortune to lose his wife by death, and he placed his two children in the care of his brother, at Gibson, Ill. He had a little property, and this he sold, giving \$1,000 to his brother, he agreeing to give the children a home. Some time ago the brother died, and now Mr. Bresney is in receipt of a letter or note from his sister-in-law, saying that on the 19th of last month she placed the two children on the cars and sent them from Gibson, Ill., to Lafayette, where the father was at work, though his headquarters were at Salem. The father all along supposed the children were at his brother's home, and at once began making inquiries, being joined by the police. As he understands, the children were sent on the 19th of January, over three weeks ago, but he received no notice that they were coming, and, of course, was not on the lookout for them. No trace has yet been found of the little travelers. They would not have to change cars between Gibson, Ill., and Lafayette, and the police can find no one who ever saw them get off the train here, as they naturally would have to do. The conductor of the Lake Erie and Western Road, who brought in the train on the 19th, is out on the road, and his arrival is anxiously awaited by the father, in the hope that he may find some tidings of his loved ones.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

## ADmirable Results in Fevers.

Dr. J. J. RYAN, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I invariably prescribe it in fevers; also in convalescence from wasting and debilitating diseases with admirable results. I also find it a tonic to an enfeebled condition of the genital organs."

## SPORTING NEWS.

Ellis Ward will again coach the Columbia Boat Club of Washington during the coming summer.

The New England canoeists will hold a three days' meet at Calla Shasta grove, on the Connecticut river, June 1.

The Grits and Tories played an interesting curling match at Orillia on Jan. 29, and the Tories won by 19 shots.

Jack Dempsey and George Le Blanche it is said, will meet in March and box in this city for \$1,000 and an outside wager of \$1,000 a side.

The Spartan Harriers will hold their regular Washington's Birthday paper chase from the Llewellyn Park Hotel, West Orange, N. J.

The schedule of games of the Amateur Baseball League will be arranged on the 15th inst., so as not to conflict with that of the American Association.

Harry McCoy, of Rich Hill, Mobile, and Wm. Kosky, of Pleasant Hill, fought Jan. 4, at Pleasant Hill, Mo. Both were arrested during the contest. They were fined \$25.

Duncan Ross writes from San Francisco that he and Capt. J. C. Daly will do the Pacific Coast, and that he will reach Cleveland to stay in April. Duncan seldom neglects to "do" every place he visits.

Jake Gaudaur has accepted John Teemer's challenge with the understanding that the race, 3 miles, will be rowed over a lake course. Mr. St. John is ready to put up Gaudaur's forfeit as soon as Teemer expresses willingness to agree to the proposed condition.

Miss Theresa Johnson, of London, Eng., has issued a challenge to "any lady in Great Britain or in America," to a 1-mile swimming match for £100 or £500 a side. Miss Johnson announces her willingness to give or take expenses to swim in Paris or elsewhere.

Bank Clerk Goodnow, of Westfield, Mass., won the gold cyclometer offered by J. A. Lakin & Co. to the amateur rider covering the greatest number of miles on his own wheel between May 1 and Dec. 31. Goodnow's record is 5,056 miles. His riding was done before and after working hours.

## The following explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor: H. V. King received several challenges from Black Sam to wrestle a match, I wish to state that I wrestle him either in private or public for a stake or purse. An answer through your paper will be responded to.

P. J. KING, Staten Island.

George Lester, manager of Lester & Allen's minstrels, claims that the \$388 Sullivan claims is due him was held to pay fines imposed upon Sullivan for intoxication and missing performances. Sullivan was the main brace and stay of the show, and if the champion did carouse George Lester assisted him to do so. Lester & Allen made money enough out of Sullivan to pay him up in full.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., on Jan. 29, the first of a series of five mile races on roller skates for the championship of the world and a gold, silver, diamond and sapphire belt, took place. The contestants were Nate E. Clark, of Pennsylvania, and Jake A. Small, of this city. Hamilton Busby acted as referee. Clark won the race in 16 minutes 57 seconds, his opponent being about half a lap behind. There was a large assembly of interested spectators.

## The following explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor: The report that I engaged in a glove contest with a pugilist named Kirby, of Rochester, and was beaten is false. I have been laid up under the care of the doctors of the New York Hospital for three weeks and not been able to walk, let alone engage in a glove contest. The correspondent that furnished you the report from Rochester, N. Y., misled you. Yours, TOM CALPINE.

## The following explains itself:

New York, Feb. 8, 1885. To the Sporting Editor: Having read several challenges from Louis Jester to meet me in the 24-foot ring, according to London prize ring rules, for \$100 a side and upward. Jester is first-class writing challenges, but he fails to put up. I have deposited \$25 to prove I mean business, and will be at the POLICE GAZETTE office with my backer James McCabe, on Monday, Feb. 15, at 11 o'clock, to arrange a match, London prize ring rules, for \$200 a side.

DAN CUSTY.

At a well-known sporting resort in Toronto on Feb. 3 there was quite a turn up between Tom Brown, who is associated with Jim O'Connor, of the Queen's Hotel, Winnipeg, and Fred Worts, a well-known stock broker of Toronto, better known as the "Crushed." Brown and Worts had a dispute over a well-known demi-monde queen. Worts became jealous and agreed to make matters even by thrashing Brown. Worts has the reputation of rivalling Harry Gilmore, Sam Little and George Fulljames and recently at the Hub, Athletic and Woodbine, he has figured in several demonstrations in which he came out king pin, merely because the sports believed he was a second Sullivan. Brown was from Winnipeg, and famous for not only boxing, but he owns the best horse in the northwest. Sam Bates and he were not going to travel 1,500 miles and allow any Toronto wou d-be slugger to knock him out. Brown agreed to box Worts according to "Police Gazette" rules. Worts, having an idea that Brown was a mark for him, agreed to the proposal. The chairs, tables and stove were removed, and a referee was appointed. Wm. R. Bingham seconded Brown, and Pete Daley and Bob Woods seconded Worts, and Frank Myers, of Winnipeg, was referee. Both men stripped, and several wagers were laid on the result. Worts was eager to put up \$100, and Brown at once covered the money. All being ready the men faced each other and the battle began. Worts rushed in and tried to land his left on Brown's jaw a la Sullivan, when Brown let go his left, which landed with terrific force on Worts's nose, and the blow was such a straight, well delivered plumper that Worts fell and refused to continue the contest. The battle lasted 30 seconds, and Worts was carried away with a pair of colored eye-glasses and a swelled nose. Brown was congratulated, and he was honored by all the sports who rejoiced that he had squelched a slugger who had terrorized Toronto.

## The Hells of New York.

A Vivid and Exciting Story,  
Founded on Facts, of the Perils  
and Pitfalls of the Great  
Metropolis.

### CHAPTER IX. THE OPIUM HELL.

Poor Georgie had but a slight chance to see the way which burlesque was produced at the Gavety theatre, for her new employer did not leave Miss Nudity's dressing-room during the performance. She had, of course, to keep her company and listen during the entrances to the senseless babble which was exchanged between the two actresses.

"Where are you going afterward?" inquired the fair Coleman.

"I don't know," was her friend's reply. "I did think of going down into Elizabeth street."

"Oh! You regular fiend!" cried Miss Coleman. "It seems to me you're hitting the pipe all the time."

"Well!" was the demure response, "I have gone into the business pretty heavily of late."

"I'll go with you, if you say so," said Miss Coleman.

"Delighted!" was her friend's reply.

All this was so much Greek to Georgie.

She understood its meaning, however, much more clearly, in spite of her provincial ignorance, when in less than half an hour the three of them alighted from their carriage and entered an "opium joint" much patronized by gamblers, actors and other social vagrants.

As the door opened the nostrils of the newcomers were filled with the heavy, peculiar smelling opium smoke, and their eyes beheld a most weird scene. The little stuffy room was filled with smoke, through which glimmered the steady flames of about fifteen opium lamps, and through which could be seen the outlines of many reclining forms.

Entering the joint the actresses were greeted with a momentary babble of voices, a few grins and then the smokers resumed their occupation.

Arranged in tiers around the room, like the bunks of a ship, were the berths (*chung*) on which the smokers reclined, while his mind sank into delirium. These bunks were made of planks, covered with matting, and were about eight feet long and six feet wide. They accommodated two smokers generally. The pillow-chun-tow—was a roll of matting or a padded block of wood. One fat old Chinaman, who had evidently been bloated by the drug, lay back indolently as the smoke ascended in volumes from his nostrils.

Georgie looked on with amazement, which deepened into disgust as her two companions, with an indifference which proved their familiarity with the scene, divested themselves of their outer garments and corses and then lay down, each in a separate bunk.

The other "fiends" paid no attention to them, but a thin, gaunt Chinaman, with a face that looked like a death mask, stepped out of the shadows and commenced the work of preparing the baleful drug for its new victims.

Right here let us describe as briefly as we can the *modus operandi* of the average opium smoker.

The pipe (*yen leung*), the main instrument in the destruction of the usefulness of the lives of thousands of young men and women is entitled to first place in the description of the layout. It is usually made of bamboo, and is about two feet long and four inches in circumference. The stem is always cut so as to leave a joint of the wood about six or eight inches from the end of the pipe. Some smokers prefer orangewood, sugarcane or lemonwood for the stem of the pipe, on account of the sweet taste of such woods and the peculiar flavor they give the opium. Others saturate the bamboo stems with sugar, molasses, nut oil, lemon juice or orange juice to get a good flavor. Some of the lemon pipes are made of rings of lemon peel cemented together, layer over layer, and highly polished. It is said that a "fiend" who is accustomed to one of these pipes, and thus acquires a "lemon habit," can use no other kind.

Many of the stems, especially those used by rich Chinese, are very ornate. Most good pipes have mouthpieces made of ivory or shell.

At the end of the stem a small hole is usually made in the wood, in which are placed pieces of soft cloth, which are used in fitting on the bowl of the pipe. This hole when not in use is closed with an ivory plug. About eight inches from the end of the stem a place is hollowed out in the side of the pipe which connects with the longitudinal perforation.

A shield of metal, brass or silver is fitted on the side of the stem about this hollow, so that a rim of metal will rise above the hole.

The bowl (*yen tow*) of the pipe is fitted into this shield, is usually bell shaped, and is made of hard, red clay or lemon peel. Its greatest diameter is from three to four inches. It has a small neck by which it is fitted into the stem. To make it tight pieces of soft cloth are usually wrapped around the neck of the bowl. The upper surface of the bowl is semi-circular and sloping. A small hole, about big enough to admit a darning needle, is in the centre of this surface.

The other articles belonging to the layout are a small glass lamp (*yen tene*), in which Chinese nut oil is burned, as it gives a very steady light. The lamp has a glass cover. A long needle (*yen hauck*) on which the opium is cooked, a small horn box (*yen hup*) to hold the opium, a pair of scissors (*kow ton*) for trimming the wick of the lamp, a straight and a curved knife to clean the bowl of the ash (*yen she*), a sponge (*sue*, *pou*) with which to wash off the surface of the bowl, and lastly a tray (*ia pan*) on which to place the "layout." "Fiends," by which term is generally meant only Caucasian smokers, generally refer to the pieces of the "layout" by their Chinese names.

A "layout" costs from \$6 to \$100. The pipes, like meerschaums, are valued according to the length of time they have been in use. An old pipe which has become saturated with opium has a peculiar flavor, dear to a smoker, and is of a rich cherry color, the color deepening and becoming more beautiful with age. Some pipes are valued at \$100, while an ordinarily good pipe is worth at least \$20. A new bamboo pipe can be bought for about \$1.50. It is not to be supposed, however, that every "fiend" has a "layout." A piece of zinc or tin often does service as a tray, a nutshell as the holder of the opium, and any kind of

a lamp which will give a steady flame as an opium lamp.

The Chinaman dipped the end of his cooking needle, the *yen hauck*, into his opium pot, and, winding it around for a few seconds, took out a little pellet of opium on the needle. This pea was then held over the flame of the lamp to be "cooked." As it became heated the pea swelled to triple its original size, and it was then seen that the true color of the opium was golden brown, and not black. During the cooking the opium gave off a pleasant odor, resembling that of roasting peanuts. When it had been heated a few seconds the Chinaman rolled the pellet upon the smooth surface of the bowl of the pipe. The pipe was held near the lamp in the left hand. The operation of cooking and rolling, or "chying" the opium, was alternated until the opium became of a consistency necessary for smoking. The needle was then thrust through the hole in the top of the bowl and immediately withdrawn, the bottom of the pea thus leveled off. The bowl was then heated slightly, and the needle, being again thrust into it, was again withdrawn, but the opium, in the shape of a cone, with a hole through its center, was left on top of the bowl. The process of cooking takes from two to three minutes.

Each of the actresses in turn, grasped the stem of a pipe in the left hand, her body was half raised on the elbow, the bowl was inclined toward the flame, the right hand held the *yen hauck* ready to keep the opium in place, the lips close over the mouthpiece and the smoking began. As the flame struck the opium the smoke was inhaled by the smoker, who emitted it in dense white clouds from her nostrils. The lips were not removed from the pipe until all the opium on the bowl was consumed. The bowl is then spouted off.

The ash or *yen she* of the opium fell into the bowl. Each smoke is called a "pipe," and an old smoker can consume from ten to twenty pipes before his cravings are satisfied.

Evidences of the effects of the drug could be seen in the faces, forms and movements of all the unhappy wretches in the den. In one bunk was a smoker who had become satiated, and in the language of the class was "full of hop." He had fallen into a deep slumber, and his stertorous breathing indicated that the opium had already affected his lungs. Turning from him with alarm, Georgie saw a Chinaman who had just entered. His "habit" was upon him, and was calling for more poison. From the Chinaman's eyes water ran in streams, his mouth was distending in continuous gapes, beads of perspiration stood on his brow, his hands were cold and clammy, the dark circles under his eyes, the hollow cheeks and the peculiar sallow complexion of the opium smoker all gave indications of the ravages of the destroyer. His knees seemed to sink under him as he staggered to a bunk, into which he rolled, and eagerly grasping the pipe, was soon in that happy state where nothing can disturb the mind.

If George had ever read Dante's Inferno he would, unquestionably, have pronounced this scene of hideous and unnatural degradation as the worst hell of all.

But she had very little time to reconcile herself to her surroundings, for the latest comer had barely settled into slumber when the door was burst open and a score of men, some of them carrying lanterns and all in uniform, with a hoarse shout inundated the joint.

It was the police. *Next week we shall throw a little electric light on some of the dark mysteries of a New York police court.*

### DID HE ATTEMPT SUICIDE?

#### Strange Actions of a Man and a Woman at a Hotel.

On Wednesday evening a coach stopped before the Sheridan House, Elizabeth, N. J., and a tall, spare man, enveloped in a heavy overcoat, and wearing a soft hat, entered the office, accompanied by a young woman. She was richly dressed, and a heavy veil hid her face from view. The man asked if he could be accommodated with separate rooms for himself and a companion until an early hour in the morning. They intended, he said, to take an early train for Philadelphia. Rooms on the first floor were assigned them, and the man wrote "T. W. Snippe" and "Mrs. L. Brow" on the register. Shortly afterward they went to their rooms, the man telling the clerk not to put him on the call list.

At 2½ o'clock next morning Albert Staats, the proprietor of the house, heard a strange noise on the upper floor, and a heavy fall followed. A few moments later he heard the front door close, and a noise like the scuffling of feet in the rooms overhead. He ran up stairs and was about to knock at the door of the stranger's room, when he (the stranger) emerged with blood trickling through his fingers, which he held to his throat, around which was wrapped a handkerchief. Staats asked him if he was sick. He replied:

"No. I found that I had overslept myself, and in getting up hastily had a hemorrhage. Good night."

And he stepped across the hall to the room assigned to his companion. Knocking at the door and receiving no answer, he called to the landlord and asked him to open the door. The landlord opened the door with his pass-key. They found the room empty and the bed undisturbed.

"I thought as much, but I will find her if it takes a month," said the guest, as he staggered down the stairs. Mr. Staats believes the man attempted suicide, and after half accomplishing his purpose changed his mind. Where the couple came from, who they were, and where they are now are mysteries.

### JOHANN ZUKERTORT.

[With Portrait.]

The grand event of the year, in chess circles, is the match between Zukertort and Stenitz. The match involving, as it does, the world's championship and a stake of \$4,000, is watched with great interest. Charles F. Buck, of New Orleans, is referee and stakeholder. Johann Herman Zukertort was born at Riga. His first experience in chess was in 1860. From 1868 to 1871 he played in various German tournaments. In 1872 he settled in London and he first met Stenitz, who carried off the honors of the tourney. In 1883 he gained the first prize at London and won encomiums. Shortly after this he visited America and astonished us by his exhibition of blindfold and simultaneous chess. The present match, which was brought about only after great difficulties were surmounted, is to be decided in favor of the first player first winning ten games. The first four victories, by one player, to be gained in New York, the next three in St. Louis and the remainder in New Orleans. If, however, each player should win nine games, then the match is to be called a draw.

## THE PARIS SENSATION.

### Details of the Murderous Attack on M. de Montauzan.

The attempted assassination by the nephew of the famous Baron Haussmann continues to excite the most lively interest in Paris. The victim, M. de Montauzan, is a very large landed proprietor, well known in the fashionable circles of Paris. He had latterly contemplated entering into financial affairs. About three weeks ago he received a visit from a man who gave his name as Count de Tredernes, and who was the bearer of a letter of recommendation from Mme. de Montauzan, who is staying for a few weeks at Cannes. That lady stated that M. de Tredernes had an important project in view, which he was anxious to bring under his (M. de Montauzan's) notice. Both gentlemen thereupon entered into business relations. The self-sabotage, M. de Tredernes, who wore a rosette of the Legion of Honor and stated that he was prefect of Landes under the empire, proposed to confer upon M. de Montauzan an important post in a financial association which was to be organized at Nantes, and the future president of which he said was M. Denier, at one time president of the tribunal of commerce. About a week ago M. de Tredernes induced M. de Montauzan to undertake a journey to Nantes to personally judge of the association, and he accompanied him, travelling at night in a first-class railway compartment. In the course of the journey, M. de Montauzan was astonished at the strange attitude of his fellow-traveler, who spoke of his powers of magnetism and offered to put him to sleep with the aid of an electric apparatus which he took out of a portmanteau. M. de Montauzan, seized instinctively with misgivings, refused to be subjected to the proposed experiment. Shortly afterward they dined at Buffete. On re-entering the train M. de Montauzan felt unwell and he became so ill that on arriving at Angers he declined to go any farther. M. de Tredernes professed to be suffering from the same symptoms, and said they must have been poisoned. Both stayed at Angers for the night and returned to Paris on the day following. The next morning, in answer to a telegram card, M. de Montauzan met M. de Tredernes at the Hotel du Louvre, and was shown into an apartment numbered 154. On entering he was asked to seat himself at the table and to write a letter to M. Denier in reference to the promised vacancy. No sooner had M. de Montauzan responded to the suggestion than he was struck violently on the back of the head with a heavy clock, which M. de Tredernes had taken from the mantelpiece. Although seriously wounded and almost stunned, M. de Montauzan rose and indignantly demanded an explanation. He then noticed that M. de Tredernes, who was pale and excited, was armed with a revolver, which he was about to level at him. He rushed at his would-be assassin, and, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in wresting the weapon from his grasp. On releasing him he noticed, to his dismay, that his antagonist had drawn a second revolver from his pocket. Being now well nigh exhausted from loss of blood, M. de Montauzan opened the door and running along the passage, shouted for assistance. M. de Tredernes, being immediately seized and given into custody, said:

"I don't know how it happened. I forgot myself, and yet I am not mad."

On being subjected to an examination at the police station in the Rue Villeboe, he repeated this statement, but it is utterly disproved by the fact that he had pre-meditated the crime. He had taken the precaution of cutting the wire which connected the timepiece with the pneumatic clock. During his interrogatory, he secretly concealed a Catalan knife under a seat, together with a knuckle duster. On being pressed with questions, he demanded to be released without bail, stating that his real name was Louis Charles Emmanuel Baron Artand Haussmann, living at 59 Avenue Kleber. He, in fact, proved to be a son of a sister of the famous Baron Haussmann, and since his mother's death he has been adopted as a son by his uncle, the baron. He is an uncouth looking man, wears a full, bushy black beard, has strange, twinkling eyes, speaks six languages, and has published several volumes of translations from Goethe and Schiller. Baron Haussmann, when called upon, said:

"I am not at all surprised at the role my nephew has played in this sad business. He was always eccentric, and he is highly educated, but always starts off at a tangent and does strange things. He got married without my consent. His relations with his wife were limited to those of a purely mystic character. The marriage, in fact, was never consummated. He made long pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and he was received by the Pope, to whom he revealed his peculiar relations with his wife. His marriage was annulled by the Roman curia and he became a priest, and the Pope made him a sort of chamberlain."

### ANOTHER OF THE ARCHER GANG CAUGHT.

Another of the gang of outlaws connected with the numerous murders that have been committed in Martin and Orange counties, Indiana, has been captured in Arkansas, and was brought through Vincennes by the sheriff and taken to the Orange County jail at Paoli. The prisoner is Thomas Marley, who indicted for the killing of Martin Archer, Jun., in the northern part of Orange county in 1882. This killing led to the bitter feud between the Archer gang and Samuel Bunch, a farmer, who employed Marley as a farm hand. The Archer's plan Bunch's murder because of his (Bunch's) interest in aiding Marley to escape. After three or four years Marley's whereabouts was given away by the Archer gang, who are now in jail awaiting trial in Martin county. There are six or seven of these outlaws now in jail at Washington and Paoli.

### BURGLARS KILLED.

Two burglars, who attempted to rob the store of James Hamby at Glenmary, Tenn., were killed Feb. 2 in a very sensational manner. The store of Mr. Hamby is one of the largest at Glenmary. Friday night he was awakened by hearing the strokes of a hammer blow, and on investigation saw three men engaged in an attempt to crack his safe. He fired at them and they returned the fire. Fifteen shots were exchanged, and though Mr. Hamby's clothes were perforated he escaped injury. Afterward he learned that the gang was in camp about thirty miles from Glenmary, in a gorge along the line of the Cincinnati Southern Railway. Hamby summoned a posse and they started in pursuit. He found them sitting behind a camp-fire, and at once ordered them to surrender. Two threw up their hands, but the third reached for a

weapon and was shot dead. The other two then fled. One was wounded and jumped from a high bluff into Emory river, fully one hundred feet, and was drowned. The other escaped. The men were well dressed, wore fine jewelry, and seemed in good circumstances. There is no clew to their identity, but it is thought they were experienced cracksmen and national characters.

### BOTH DEAD.

### How Two Young Texans Settled a Dispute for the Hand of the Same Girl.

Jack Hanlon, who figured in the recent fearful tragedy at Houston, Texas, died Feb. 2. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, and emigrating to America over a quarter of a century ago, finally turned up in Houston, where he went to work as a shoemaker. Imbibing a desire for sporting life, he threw aside his employment. He was steady and honest. Some time ago he bought himself a home and devoted his life to his aged mother, and though 53 years had passed over his head he was still her boy. Late he met Miss Delaney, of Houston. She was a friend of the family, and Jack learned to love her with new affection. They were to be married in five weeks, and Jack was among the happiest of men until Jack Crowley, a former admirer, stepped upon the scene. Crowley was young and strong, an adept with firearms, and a sport in every sense of the word.

The story as gleaned in part from Hanlon's own lips goes to show that Crowley and Miss Delaney were engaged to be married, and possibly would have but for his drinking. The engagement was broken off, and affairs were apparently going smoothly until Crowley learned of the engagement with Mr. Hanlon, then, according to Miss Delaney's statement, compelled her to write a letter to Hanlon, the purport of which is understood, was the cancelling of her engagement with him. Crowley undertook to deliver the letter in person, and on Saturday brought it down and handed it to Hanlon in the hallway of the saloon where Crowley had called him. Hanlon read the letter, and saying it was all right, returned to his business. That day Crowley took dinner with Hanlon's sister and brother-in-law, and meeting Hanlon frequently, never betrayed the deadly resolution he had taken.

Subsequently to the delivery of the letter to Hanlon, Miss Delaney wired him from Houston, telling him that she had been forced to write the letter, and asked him to go to Houston when she would further explain. Jack readily obeyed and went to the depot. He inquired and learned that Crowley intended going on the 3:10 train he took the 2:50 train. Crowley was watching him and got aboard the same train. They never spoke en route to Houston. On arrival at that city Hanlon took a carriage and drove to the house. He was met by Miss Delaney, who hurriedly told him all that had transpired between her and Crowley and warned him of his danger and Crowley's threat.

Jack told her she had nothing to fear for him, but for herself, and advised that she return at once with him to Galveston. She could live at his mother's until the time for their wedding. To this she assented, but declared that she could not get away in time to leave by the return train, but would leave sure that night. Hanlon then dismissed the carriage, telling the driver to return in time for the 8:15 train. As he was returning into the house he saw Crowley at the corner of the fence coming up. Hanlon opened the gate for Crowley, who entered first and opened the door for Hanlon, holding it open until he passed in. They both entered the parlor, but what conversation occurred will probably never be known.

They were standing close together, when suddenly Crowley drew his pistol and fired full at Hanlon's breast. Hanlon saw the motion, and tugged at his pistol, a Colt's 44 six-shooter cut down to pocket size. The big sight of the pistol caught and it would not come out. Meantime Crowley had fired again, lodging a bullet in Hanlon's groin. Then Hanlon got his pistol free, and leveled it at Crowley, who had his wide-brimmed hat in his left hand, holding it between him and Hanlon as a shield. Hanlon fired, and Crowley fell on his side between the stove and the wall. Hanlon turned to walk away, when Crowley fired again, speeding a bullet through Hanlon's coat-tail. Hanlon turned and saw Crowley still holding his hat in front of him, and getting ready to fire again. Hanlon then fired twice in quick succession to Crowley's once, the latter's bullet passing between Hanlon's legs. Crowley, weakened by the near approach of death, tried to pull the trigger for his last shot, when Hanlon emptied two remaining loaded chambers of his revolver into him, and Crowley rolled over a corpse. Hanlon then left the room.

### HE GETS A \$5,000 PRIZE.

### How Captain Simmons Happened to Invest in the Louisiana State Lottery.



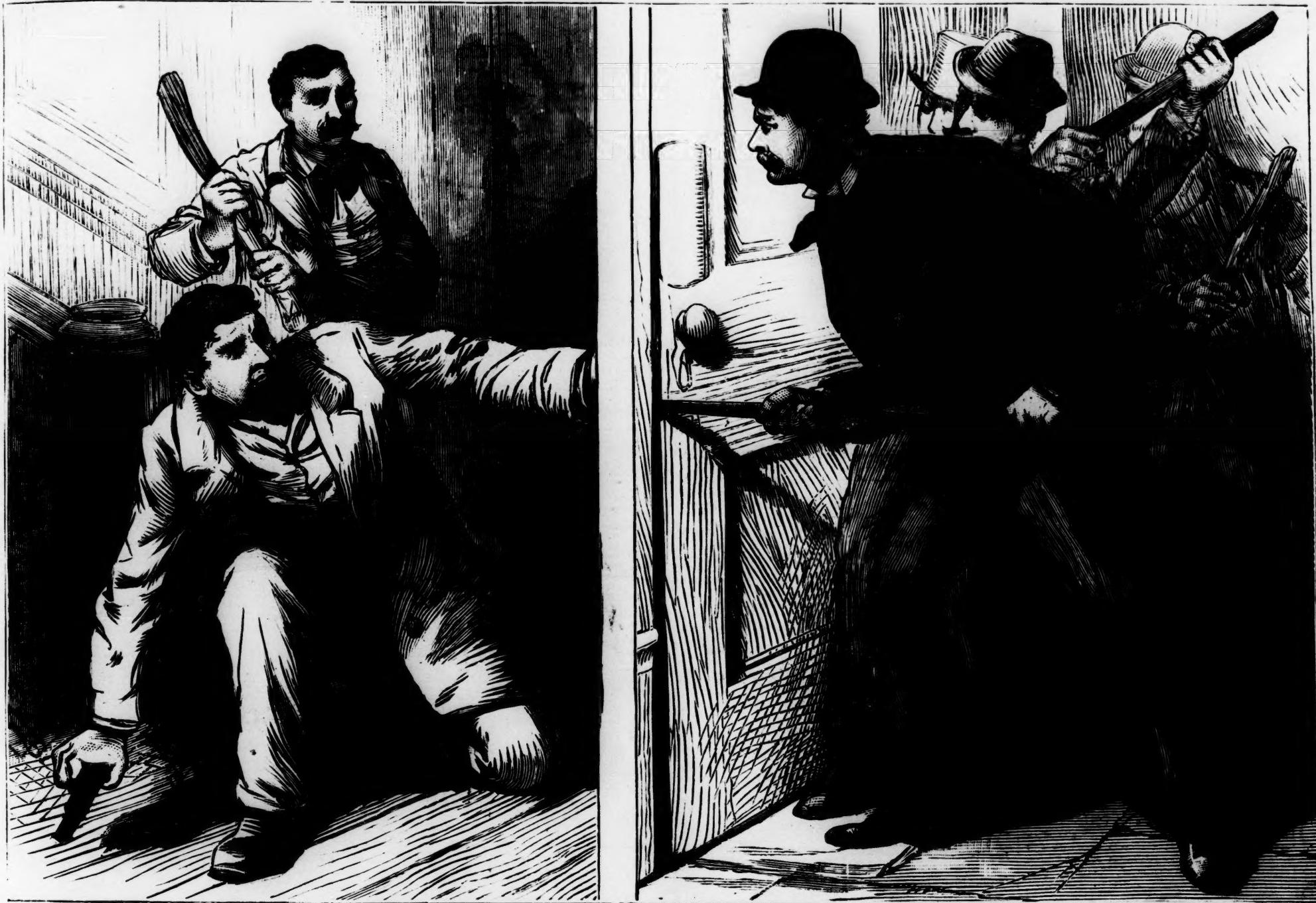
AN ICE BOUND CAN-CAN.

A PARTY OF JOVIAL AND ENTERPRISING BELATED TRAVELERS SUCCEED IN KEEPING WARM IN A MONTREAL RAILROAD DEPOT.



A PLUCKY ARREST.

DETECTIVE PRICE OF THE 29TH PRECINCT COLLARS A COUPLE OF WESTCHESTER BURGLARS ON SIXTH AVENUE.



COL. FOULK OF PITTSBURG HOLDS THE FORT.

HIS HOSTILE AND DETERMINED FAMILY TRY IN VAIN TO BATTER OPEN THE DOOR OF HIS WELL DEFENDED STRONGHOLD.



SHE WENT A LOAN.

THE DISMAL ACCIDENT WHICH BEFELL THE FEMALE COMPANION OF A BROOKLYN CONTRACTOR OF THAT UNUSUAL NAME.

## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Aromatic Events of the Week.

**Sam Collyer** writes that he will fight **Billy Frazier** for a purse at the Crib Club of Boston.

**Jack Dempsey** and **Mike Donovan** will appear with a combination at the Binghamton (N. Y.) Opera House Feb. 12.

**Jim Hurry**, of Canada, is looking for a match with **Billy Frazier**, to finish, with gloves, for a purse of \$250 a side and \$100.

**Patsey Sullivan**, of Boston, the amateur light-weight, is desirous of meeting James Percival in a glove contest for a prize valued at \$100, the contest to be to the finish, and the sporting editor of the *Globe* to appoint the referee.

**At the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on Feb. 4,** Jack Ashton, of New York, and John Dougherty fought 4 rounds with gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Ashton knocked Dougherty down three times, and finally knocked him out. Dougherty is the man who conquered Mike Bowdon.

**Jack Burke** engaged in a sparring contest at the Vine Street Opera House, Cincinnati, Feb. 5, with James Currier, a local celebrity. Burke was to knock him out in 4 rounds or forfeit \$200. At the end of the second round Currier was unable to come to time, and the fight was given to Burke. Burke was beaten by Otto C. Floto and Killen, champion of the Northwest.

**Fred Daily**, weight 159 pounds, and **William Daniels**, weighing 156 pounds, met in the ring, Queensbury rules, at Pierce's tavern, three miles from Grand Rapids, on Feb. 3. Tom O'Donnell was second for Daily, Jim Fell for Daniels. The fight was for \$200 and the gate receipts. Thirteen rounds were fought, and the contest was declared a draw, both men being badly used up. Daily was floored twice, but no blood shed. Daily worked on the defensive all through and cleverly dodged all blows. Toward the last there was some heavy hitting on both sides. Two hundred persons were present. The gate receipts were \$300.

**Jack Dempsey** (the pugilistic phenomenon) next battle will be with Pete McCoy, who claims to be the middle-weight champion. Ever since Dempsey arrived from his victorious tour across the continent McCoy has been eager to meet him face to face within the orthodox 24-foot ring. All the arrangements have been made, and the champions will meet at the Central Theatre, Jersey City, on Feb. 24. The conditions are: Six rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, with gloves. On Feb. 5 Dominic McCaffrey offered to bet \$250 that Dempsey would not conquer McCoy. Gus Tuthill quickly accepted the wager, and Richard K. Fox holds the \$500.

**Paddy Smith**, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Billy Frazier**, of Boston, the instructor of sparring at Harvard, fought to a draw in six rounds, Boston, Feb. 5. The battle was with small gloves, and was for \$200, which was to be divided—\$150 to the winner and \$50 to the loser. Common Councilman Billy Mahoney was referee. The fighting was exciting from the start. Frazier having rather the better of the first round. The second round rather favored the New Yorker, and in the third honors were even. In the fourth round Smith made a feint with his left and followed it with a terrible right hand upper cut, which caught Frazier under the chin and sent him to the floor like a bag of meal. In the fifth round Frazier sent his opponent down with an equally effective blow. Both men were groggy and anxious to stop when time was called for the sixth round. They faced each other, however, and sparred rather feebly till time was called. Smith being in rather the better condition. The purse was divided.

**John Donnelly**, of Paterson, N. J., and **Jim Glynn**, of Williamsburg, fought with hard gloves for a purse of \$125 recently in the rear of a Fourth Ward liquor store. Glynn stands 5 feet 11 inches and weighs 165 pounds, while Donnelly is 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 180 pounds. Glynn got the worst of the first round. The second round was full of fierce and rapid blows. They clinched many times and fought viciously. In the third round Donnelly planted a left-hander on Glynn's nose, making it bleed a little; but the latter went at his man with both hands and soon had him back against the wall, where he raised sledge-hammer blows on him until they were sent to the middle of the ring again. The round ended in Glynn's favor. The fourth round was also in Glynn's favor, and in the fifth and last he fought Donnelly all over the ring and knocked him almost insensible. The battle and purse were awarded to Glynn. Glynn went into the fight untrained. The purse having been subscribed for a meeting between Donnelly and Jack Cast, of Toronto, but the latter failed to turn up, and Glynn took his place.

The following explains itself:

CENTRAL CLUB, 105 CENTRAL ST., LONDON, E. C., JAN. 25, 1886.

**Mr. Richard K. Fox**:

DEAR SIR—I have this day seen in your *Sporting Life* a letter from "Jack Burke" which I can hardly allow to pass unnoticed. I beg to remind him through your paper that I have no inclination to compete in any "bogus matches" or tournaments, and only mean to adhere to the legitimate business and give my backers & supporters a good run for their money. If "he" (Burke) really means straightforward business, which I much doubt, let him come over here and he will not only find me always ready to accommodate him in his own way and satisfy his ambition, but also many others of a second and third-class caliber that will be glad to give him a fair chance to show the public what sort of stuff he is made of. I have no wish to smut myself in the eyes of the world by a lot of paper talk. "Ambition is made of sterner stuff," but prefer to earn my laurels on the battlefield in a more genuine manner. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

JAMES SMITH,  
Champion of England.

**Sporting circles in the Dominion are excited over a** prize ring encounter that has been arranged between Jack Dempsey, of San Francisco, and Harry Gilmore, the light-weight champion of Canada. The match came about in this way. Dempsey arrived at Toronto and placed himself under the care of George Fuljames. The latter issued a challenge offering to match him against any light-weight in Canada for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. The challenge was accepted and the men and their backers met at a well-known sporting resort on King street, Toronto, to arrange the match. Among those present were Geo. Fuljames, W. R. Bingham, H. H. Stoddard, Sam Bittle, the champion middle-weight of Canada, George Cooper, Robert Gamble, Tom Brown, of Winnipeg, Jack Somers, Spark Wood, Jim Smith, the colored pugilist, the Wonder of Alderman Piper's ward, and a host of others. Fuljames proposed to match an unknown against Gilmore, but the latter objected, and a long discussion followed. Finally each deposited \$25 with Wm. E. Harding, who was selected temporary stakeholder, and the match was satisfactorily arranged. Articles of agreement were signed for Dempsey and Gilmore to fight with small gloves for \$100 a side, open for \$500, within fifty miles of Detroit, on March 4. Richard K. Fox to final stakeholder. Dempsey hails from the Pacific Slope. The following is the protocol:

TORONTO, Feb. 3, 1886.

**Articles of Agreement** entered into this second day of February, 1886, between Harry Gilmore, of Toronto, Ont., and Jack Dempsey, of San Francisco, whereby they agree to fight a fair stand up fight, with hard gloves, to a finish. Marquis of Queensbury rules to govern. Said fight to be for one hundred dollars a side, open for \$500 a side. The fight to take place within fifty miles of Detroit, Mich., on the 4th day of March, 1886, between the hours of 8 o'clock P. M. and 12 o'clock P. M. The winner to take the whole receipts of the house after all expenses are paid. The referee to be chosen in the ring. Twenty-five dollars a side is now in the hands of Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder. The second deposit of \$25 a side shall also be sent to Mr. Fox on Tuesday, the 16th day of February, 1886. The third deposit and last, shall be made on Thursday, the 25th day of February, 1886. Either party failing to make good the deposits at the time and place called for and named above, shall forfeit the money then in the hands of the stakeholder. It is hereby mutually agreed by both parties, that in the event of it being decided to fight for a larger stake, that all monies shall be sent with the final deposit in pursuance of the above, we hereby attach our names.

HARRY GILMORE,  
JACK DEMPSEY.

WITNESSES:

SAM BITTLE,  
GEO. FULLJAMES.

## FROM WEEK TO WEEK WE WILL PUBLISH A PRIZE-RING CHRONOLOGY OF THE FISTIC ENCOUNTERS OF 1885.

July 10—Dan Collins beat Jim Fell, gloves, gate money, 2 rounds, Hamilton, Ont.

July 11—Ed Miller beat Pat McNally, 3 rounds, \$250 a side, O'Neil, Col.

July 11—Andy Hart beat Al Marx, gloves, purse, 12 rounds, 47 minutes, New York.

July 11—Alex Hogan (colored) beat D. W. Fisher, gloves, 3 rounds, Chicago, Ill.

July 11—John Fallon beat Tom Kelly, gloves, 2 rounds, purse, Brooklyn, N. Y.

July 11—Mike Gillespie fought a draw with Jack Donnelly, gloves, gate money, 4 rounds, Paterson, N. J.

July 11—P. D. McCarron fought a draw with Tom Doyle, gloves, gate money, 5 rounds, Milwaukee, Wis.

July 13—Con Tobin beat Ed McDonough, gloves, purse, 3 rounds, Troy, N. Y.

July 14—C. Wall beat G. Plerson (two rings), 46 rounds, 1 hour, 14 miles from London, Eng.

July 15—James F. Carroll beat Mike Scully, bare knuckles, 2 rounds, 11 minutes, satisfaction, Chicopee Station, Mass.

July 15—Billy Frazier fought a draw with Pat Haynes, hard gloves, 5 rounds, police interfered, Fall River, Mass.

July 17—Joe Morris beat Tom Warren, gloves, \$100, 4 rounds, foul, Chicago, Ill.

July 18—Jim Sullivan fought a draw with E. Hanefin, 28 rounds, gloves, police interfered, Temple Mills, Eng.

July 18—F. Heasid beat D. Doyle, gloves, 1 round, gate money, Shenandoah, Pa.

July 18—Jack Lawrence beat Harry Harrison, gloves, 2 rounds, \$400, Basle Ball Park, Leadville, Col.

July 18—George Young fought a draw with George Fowler, gloves, 4 rounds, Paterson, N. J.

July 18—W. P. Blieckman fought a draw with C. Marshall, soft gloves, 8 rounds, gate money, Dallas, Texas.

July 19—Prof. Charles Hadley beat Mervin Thompson (both colored), hard gloves, gate money, 6 rounds, foul, St. Paul, Minn.

July 19—Billy Fling beat Billy Kelly, gloves, gate money, 5 rounds, Denver, Col.

July 19—Chas. Roberts beat G. Ward, \$25 a side, 2 rings, gloves, 20 rounds, 27 minutes 15 seconds, Acton, Eng.

July 20—Ja. Des Moines beat Jack Keenan, bare knuckles, 2 rounds, San Francisco, Cal.

July 20—Tom Warren fought a draw with A. Majesty, gloves, gate money, 4 rounds, Bloomington, Ill.

July 21—Tom Cleary, draw with Jim Carr, \$250 a side, gloves, 19 rounds, San Francisco, Cal.

July 22—Jack Farmer beat Jack Welsh, 82 rounds, gloves, \$150 a side, Des Moines, Iowa.

July 23—Con Tobin beat C. Moran, hard gloves, 1 round, gate money, Grand Central theatre, Troy, N. Y.

July 24—Matt Levy beat Thos. G. Anderson, foul, 5 rounds, Brooklyn, N. Y.

July 24—James C. Dalton fought a draw with Fred Brendell, gloves, purse, 5 rounds, Chicago, Ill.

July 25—McDonald beat McNally, gloves, \$500, 6 rounds, Butte City, Montana.

July 25—J. Donnelly fought a draw with Jack Burgess, gloves, 4 rounds, Paterson, N. J.

July 26—Thomas Norton beat Charley Lange, gloves, 4 rounds, \$200 a side, Sacramento, Cal.

July 27—Jimmy Connelly beat Ed Smith, gloves, 5 rounds, gate money, Chicago, Ill.

July 30—John Fay beat George Cooke, hard gloves, gate money, 3 rounds, Rockville, Conn.

July 31—John Beck beat Philip Bulger, hard gloves, 11 rounds, London prize ring rules, \$200, Pittsburg, Pa.

July 31—Billy Frazier fought a draw with Young McKenny, hard gloves, 4 rounds, gate money, Fall River, Mass.

July 31—"Kid" Burns beat Tom Cunningham, hard gloves, 28 rounds, \$200, near Far Rockaway, N. Y.

Aug. 1—Jim Conners beat Al Marx, hard gloves, \$100, 4 rounds, New York City.

Aug. 1—Joe Cohen boxed with Bob Farrell, gloves, 5 rounds, 8 minutes, Cincinnati, O.

Aug. 1—J. P. Clow beat H. Hynds, hard gloves, \$1,000 and the championship of Colorado, 6 rounds, Rawlins, Wyo.

Aug. 1—J. Gibbons fought a draw with Taggart, hard gloves, purse, 7 rounds, Coney Island, N. Y.

Aug. 4—Jack Stewart beat Tom Young, hard gloves, \$25, 16 rounds, Newtown, L. I.

Aug. 4—M. Cushing fought a draw with Y. Liddy, \$100, at Utrecht, L. I.

Aug. 4—Richard Burke fought a draw with Jim Donohue, bare knuckles, \$100, 6 rounds, near Elizabeth, N. J.

Aug. 4—Tom Ward beat Al Johnson, bare knuckles, \$250 a side, 11 rounds, London prize ring rules, 1 hour, near Elliott's Landing, Wyoming.

Aug. 6—E. McKeown beat Jack O'Keefe, gloves, \$400, 2 rounds, Grand Forks, Dakota.

Aug. 6—George McCoy fought a draw with George La Blanche, the Marine, gate money, 4 rounds, Fall River, Mass.

Aug. 7—J. McCauley beat Young Doherty, gloves, medal, 4 rounds, Boston, Mass.

Aug. 7—Jack Ashton beat Flynn's "Jacko," hard gloves, purse, 3 rounds, Coney Island, N. Y.

Aug. 9—Miss May Knight beat Servia, 3 rounds, Covington, Ohio.

Aug. 10—Con Tobin beat Sam Barks (colored), gloves, 3 rounds, New York.

Aug. 10—Billy Teese fought a draw with Young Magic, bare knuckles, \$100, 6 rounds, near Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 11—Gus Brown beat Billy Oppenheimer, gloves, purse, 4 rounds, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 11—Bill Chaney beat Young Redmond, at London, Eng.

Aug. 11—Luke Driscoll beat Billy Dwyer, hard gloves, 4 rounds, gate money, Fall River, Mass.

Aug. 11—Jack Brower beat Wm. McClellan, 4 rounds, at Cedar Grove, N. Y.

Aug. 13—Jack Keefe fought a draw with Ed. Miller, 6 rounds, at Duluth.

Aug. 14—John Connelly beat F. Woi, hard gloves, London prize ring rules, 7 rounds, 1 hour 38 minutes 40 seconds, \$250, near Long Island City, N. Y.

Aug. 14—Bill Noble beat G. Thompson, foul, gloves, \$250, 11 rounds, London, Eng.

Aug. 15—Tom Finan beat Pat McHugh, gloves, \$150 a side, 18 rounds, 1 hour 30 minutes, Manistee, Mich.

Aug. 15—George Mulvey beat Adam Patterson, gloves, 139 rounds, London prize ring rules, \$500, near Braintree, Ill.

Aug. 17—George La Blanche, the Marine, beat Matt Cunningham, hard gloves, 3 rounds, gate money, Fall River, Mass.

Aug. 17—James Dohoney beat Jack Hughes, foul, gloves, gate money, 6 rounds, Chicago, Ill.

Aug. 18—Jack Keagan beat J. H. Fearn, gloves, purse, 4 rounds, Lawrence, Mass.

Aug. 19—Harry Hauck beat John Frey, gloves, \$100, 4 rounds, Coney Island, N. Y.

Aug. 19—Jim Casey beat Jack Brady, hard gloves, purse, 3 rounds, New York city.

Aug. 19—Al Jones beat Bill Jones (coal miners), bare knuckles, purse, 51 rounds, 2 hours 15 minutes, near Justus, O.

Aug. 21—Dave Lewis beat Mike Haley, 1 round, Colfax, Iowa.

Aug. 21—Tom Warren beat Al Hanley, gloves, gate money, 4 rounds, Chicago, Ill.

Aug. 22—Jim Fell fought a draw with J. Peters (colored), gloves, purse, 4 rounds, Detroit, Mich.

Aug. 23—Duncan McDonald beat Jack McNally, 6 rounds, Butte City, Mont.

Aug. 24—Bill Bradburn beat James McClarney, gloves, 1 round, 1 minute, gate money, Chicago, Ill.

Aug. 24—Patrick Slattery beat Wm. Baker, 5 rounds, gate money, both men arrested, Troutburg, N. Y.

Aug. 25—Ed Smith beat Rowan, bare knuckles, 41 rounds, foul, London prize ring rules, purse, near Pittsburgh, Pa.

Aug. 27—Prof. Hawley fought a draw with Mike Haley, gloves, purse, Des Moines, Iowa.

Aug. 27—Jim Fell beat Buck Fogel, hard gloves, gate money, 2 rounds, 6 minutes, Troy, O.

Aug. 28—George McCrane beat Jim Woodburn, 6 rounds, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Aug. 29—Tom Kinnard beat Jack Sterling, gloves, 15 rounds, \$100 a side, Muskegon, Mich.

Aug. 29—Jack Burke beat Mike Haley, gloves, gate money, 1 round, 1 minute, Des Moines, Iowa.

## SPORTING NEWS.

## TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well known artist, Drorhan of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

There are twenty candidates in training for the Princeton College nine.

**Mr. Jacob Lorillard** is having a very fast steam yacht built at Corlear's Hook.

**Jim McHugh** challenges **Jimmy Mitchell**, of Philadelphia, to fight for \$100 or a gold medal.

**Jim Pilkington** will back young **Hagle** to row **Ike Feistorn** for \$100 or a gold medal.

The **Manhattan Athletic Club's** annual winter games take place in Madison Square Garden Feb. 20.

The **Hoboken Athletic Club** tournament will be held in the rink, Hoboken, the latter part of this month.

**Tom Cannon** defeated **Mervine Thompson** in a mixed wrestling match at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Feb. 3.

The crew of the Cornell College is to have a new four-oared paper shell for the inter-collegiate regatta next July.

**John L. Sullivan** and **Jack Dempsey** now stand on par as the greatest pugilists of the age at their respective weights.

Articles of incorporation of the Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club were adopted by the Board of Directors the other day.

The **Polytechnic Institute Hare and Hounds** Club and the Westchester Hare and Hounds Club will have paper chase on the 22d.

**Wallace Ross** and **Fred Plaisted** will make an attempt to go through the Niagara whirlpool in a boat some time next August.

**Vigneaux** will be backed against **Schaefer** in a 3,000-point game at balk-line billiards, by Jim Temple, of the Roosevelt Hotel.

The New York ball players will not be ordered to report for duty until the first day of April, and they will not be released until the last day of October.

There was a meeting of the Quebec Chess Club recently to make arrangements for the Dominion Chess Association meeting to be held in Quebec on the 22d Feb.

The Boston Baseball Club may possibly spend a month in the South during the early spring in order to get in prime condition for the season's championship campaign.

**Lady Maud**, 2:18 1-4, and one of the fastest trotters in America, has been sold to a new owner.

**Dr. W. F. Carver** will shortly attempt to break 60,000 glass balls in six days at Kansas City, Mo. The balls will be thrown in the air by men instead of being sprung by traps.

The second annual bench show of the New England Kennel Club will be held April 6, 7, 8, 9. The premium list includes \$1,500 in special prizes and over \$1,800 in cash premiums.

There seems to be a general prejudice among the New York State League clubs against the proposed consolidation with the Canadian League clubs and forming an International League.

A 50-hour go-as-you-please match was begun at the Lincoln Rink, New Haven, Conn., on Feb. 4, by Alfred Elson and some local walkers. Elson covered 11½ miles in 1 hour and 40 minutes.

**Harry Howard**, of the Essex Hunt and **Fred Budd**, of Montclair, wrestled in Library Hall, in Orange, Feb. 2, in the presence of about 300 spectators. Howard, who was the favorite, won the three bouts.

**Gus Lambert**, the noted athlete and sporting man is doing a thriving business at his sporting house at Montreal. Lambert appears to be very popular, and Cyr, the greatest dumb-bell lifter living, is a great attraction.

The 2,500-mile walk which **Daniel O'Leary** and **Edward Payson Weston** began at Newark, N. J., December 7,

## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I understand Peter V. Johnston, the well-known driver, has made an engagement with R. S. Veech, of Indian Hill Stock Farm, Louisville, Ky., to take charge of and develop his young trotting stock.

The price J. B. Haggan, of California, paid for Sir Modred, the Australian racing stallion, is \$9,000.

I believe the only surviving colts of Goldsmith Maid are the stallion Stranger and the filly Rosebud, the latter being named after the daughter of Bud Dobie, who trained and drove the mare during her turf career.

I think owners of trotters will be pleased to learn that W. W. Bair & C. B. Phipps intend making Belmont Park, Philadelphia, faster than ever.

The Belmont track is more than a mile in length, but it is the fastest in the country.

By the way, the following fast performances made at Belmont course: Mai S., three fastest consecutive heats, 2:12, 2:13½, and 2:12½. Jay Eye See, two fastest heats, 2:11 and 2:10½; Phallos, the three fastest heats by a stallion, 2:15, 2:14½ and 2:13½; Goldsmith Maid also equalled her record of 2:14 and Hopeful trotted in 2:17½.

What is necessary to give pugilism another boom is a bare-knuckle contest to a finish according to London prize ring rules for the world's championship. An event of this kind, if legitimately and squarely conducted, would mark another era in pugilism and become a matter of history, besides creating a genuine interest throughout the athletic world, which is round soft-glove contests now fail to do.

During the coming baseball season, besides protecting the umpire in his position, it will be necessary to school him down to the point of a strict observance of the letter of the rules he is called upon to interpret.

Whatever is done should be done with the object in view not only of protecting umpires from the shameful abuse to which they were subjected to last season, but also of confining their duties to a plain interpretation of existing rules according to the letter of the law, leaving to a high official body the final adjudication of any specially disputed decision by an umpire affecting the position of a club in an important championship match.

In brief, let the legislation at the conventions be such as to make the umpires independent of the clubs, the players and the crowds, and then make them adhere to the strict letter of the law.

The baseball umpire question in professional circles seems to have come down to the point of:

"What are you going to do about it?" The existing condition of things is that the umpire has become the regularly established enemy of the two contesting teams in a match.

It is the "regular thing to do" to snap and snarl at him on all possible occasions. He is regarded as an unrelenting foe by the crowds in the grand stands, whom it is the proud privilege of every man seated there to hiss at and "bullyrag" and abuse when he does not specially favor the local club.

It is necessary, for the future life of the game, that this should be done, and how best to do it will be the most important matter the conventions will have to act upon.

I clipped the following from the "Record," Philadelphia:

Richard K. Fox offers a \$250 medal to represent the pigeon-shooting championship of the world, open to all, \$50 entrance, fifty birds. Burlingham rules, contest to take place near Newark, N. J. It is supposed that Dr. Carver, Capt. Bogardus, William Giles (Graham), the English crack shot, and other distinguished pigeon shooters will take part.

Neil Matterson, the Australian oarsman, writes to this paper that he will be in England in April and visit the United States, and be ready to row Hanlan, Teemer or any man in the United States or Canada.

Harry Hutchens' (the wonderful runner) reason for leaving America was attributed to want of form, as proved in his single race at Philadelphia, when he essayed to give a good local runner 21 yards in 132 and was beaten by a foot.

Now I happen to know that the real reason of the great sprinter's hasty departure was neither lack of condition nor fear of being beaten.

The truth is that Hutchens and his backer found it impossible to get on a fair, square, up and up match.

They had several overtures for hippodromes, but the Putney wonder, to his credit be it said, wanted to win or lose on his merits.

He offered fair starts in handicaps, but none would accept and stake money on the result. They would run for a guaranteed share of the gate money.

Hutchens and his friend were not averse to taking all the receipts they would get, but they did not propose to furnish a livelihood for a lot of sharks.

I believe that the Pittsburghers are looking forward to making a big haul from Toronto sporting men.

It will be the day Teemer defeats Hanlan on Toronto Bay.

I don't believe there are as many thousands behind Hanlan at this date as there was four years ago.

Canadians have lost in a measure their implicit faith in Hanlan's sure and certain success.

He is not now surrounded by the care and attention that he was, and left to himself I have learnt only too well that he is neither invincible nor incapable of doing foolish things.

A correspondent suggests several changes in the playing rules, including the increase of the size of the base bags to one yard square, the turning of the home base square with the batsman's lines, the placing of the pitcher's position five feet further from the home plate, the game to consist of six innings and eleven men on each side, the pitcher or the pitcher and catcher to be changed each inning.

Mccaffrey says he will fight no one but the champion, and is doing considerable wind work about the way he could have "done him up" on the occasion of a certain benefit, "if he wanted to."

This may be all right enough, and perhaps after all McCaffrey may be the coming man in disguise, but until he demonstrates the fact by putting Sullivan to sleep, I respectfully beg to entertain a doubt on the subject.

If Sullivan is going to go round the world and carry a cannon, it will be in order for him to meet Mitchell, Ryan and

McCaffrey before he leaves, or else after he sets sail there will be blowing of horns and a flourish of trumpets from the pugilists who now pretend they are eager to meet him.

Just now the air is full of fistic menaces. All the boxers are eager to beat each other, and their declarations, challenges, articles of agreement, etc., are almost as numerous as election bulletins.

By the way, advices from Sydney, N. S. Wales, state that Greenwald is coming to America for the purpose of inducing John Teemer to pay a professional visit to N. S. Wales.

It is my opinion jockeys are the class of men least to be considered. I do not mean that a rider is not as good as any one else as a man and worthy of his hire in proportion to his ability, but I do hate seeing the whole class glorified as if the whole turf system depended on them.

According to my thinking, trainers are far more important than jockeys and are well paid for all they do, while jockeys are overpaid and make all manner of profits in other ways.

The plain fact is: A strong element of suspicion underlies the racing estate.

I know jockeys make far more money than they can legitimately earn, and their particular friends obtain so good information that their winning is reduced almost to a matter of certainty, and while these two classes are piling up money the turf's best patrons grow poorer and poorer, and will in the end tire of playing the game for other people's benefit.

According to my records, the American trotter is really a creation of about sixty years.

It was in 1824 that a mile was first trotted in 2:40.

If in that time, by careful breeding and judicious development, 30½ seconds additional speed has been obtained, who can predict what another half century has in store?

No one who will carefully study the subject will doubt for a moment but that turf goers of the present day will see a mile trotted in harness in at least 2 minutes and the pacer will no doubt at an early day reach that point, and even exceed it.

I think when it is considered that the latter gait has been almost entirely neglected, we can understand that a few years of study applied to it must have a great influence on the rate of speed obtained.

I see that the Brighton Beach Racing Association announces seventeen stakes to be run during the months of June and July, the entries for which close on March 30.

I understand the track is to be widened and many improvements made.

The great events to be run in June are Engeman Memorial, a sweepstake for all ages; one mile and a furlong. Brighton Beach stakes, for three-year-olds; one mile. Brooklyn Eagle stakes, a sweepstakes for four-year-olds; one mile and a quarter.

Hotel Brighton stakes, a selling sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward; one mile and a furlong. Brooklyn handicap, a sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward; one mile and a quarter.

Coney Island stakes, for three-year-olds; one mile and a quarter. Manhattan Hotel stakes, a selling sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward; one mile and a quarter.

Gravesend Handicap, a sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward, one mile and a half. Brighton Beach Railroad stakes, a selling sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward, one mile and three furlongs.

Sea Beach Railroad stakes, a sweepstakes for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

The July fixtures are as follows: King's County Cup, a sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward, two miles. Brighton handicap, a sweepstakes for all ages; one mile and an eighth.

Independence stakes, a light welter sweepstakes; one mile and a quarter. Dwyer stakes, a selling sweepstakes for three-year-olds, one mile and a half. Boulevard Stakes, a sweepstakes for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile. July cup, a sweepstakes for all ages; one mile and three-quarters. The Iron Pier handicap, a sweepstakes for all ages; one mile and a half.

According to a correspondent Dole, the athlete, recently swung a pair of Indian clubs 4 hours 50 minutes at Birmingham, N. Y.

That is nothing. At Norristown an athlete swung Indian clubs in his mother's parlor a few days ago, and although he didn't break the world's record, he broke nearly everything else in the room, including the chandelier, mantel ornaments, two plaques, a statuette of Minerva, his own head and one of the commandments.

I think this beats Dole's performance out of sight, and if Dole's record or the world's record had been within reach of his clubs he would have broken that, too.

I understand that Neil Matterson's backer, J. D. Young, of Sydney, Australia, has offered to back his protégé against Wallace Ross for \$5,000, the race to be rowed on the Parma river, and Ross to receive \$1,000 for expenses.

By the way, at Springfield, Chas. E. Buell has been awarded a patent for a tricycle propelled by compressed air.

I understand a midwinter-lawn tennis tournament, open to all comers, will be held in San Francisco, commencing Feb. 22.

The earnings of some of the leading jockeys during the past two decades have been almost fabulous. Fred Archer, who deservedly stands at the head of his profession, is worth upwards of \$400,000, and his income to-day from riding in public probably amounts to at least \$30,000 a year.

Hereafter, under the rules of the American Racing Association, no bookmakers will be allowed to start or enter a horse. Ten pounds has been added to the scale of weights for two-year-olds. The entry of a horse with a changed name is prohibited, and in auction pools the selling of a single horse against the field is prohibited.

It is my opinion that changes in horses' names are very apt to lead to confusion in racing, and for that reason alone should be made recourse to as seldom as possible.

At the same time, there are often valid reasons why there should be a change of name independent of any crotchet or whim on the part of the owner.

The same remark may be taken to apply with equal force to change of name in the "human form divine."

A good sounding name is no indifferent passport to society, and if the bearer of it only acts in accord with its highest qualities, the road to matters, which otherwise might be difficult of attainment, is often rendered comparatively smooth.

I think if a man owns a colt or filly of great promise, or one in which he takes a special interest, he, as a rule, puts his considering cap on or else consults some friend who is an adept at the business to give the youngster a suitable name. Hence it is, that nearly all the best horses have been endowed with more or less striking titles.

McCaffrey says he will fight no one but the champion, and is doing considerable wind work about the way he could have "done him up" on the occasion of a certain benefit, "if he wanted to."

This may be all right enough, and perhaps after all McCaffrey may be the coming man in disguise, but until he demonstrates the fact by putting Sullivan to sleep, I respectfully beg to entertain a doubt on the subject.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

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GEO. REED, Walpole, Mass.—There is no such office as Premier, which simply means head of the government. The Premier usually holds the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer, to which a large salary is attached. He also draws a salary as a member of the Privy Council. Mr. Gladstone has drawn salaries while Premier in both capacities.

W. S., Boston.—The bay filly Preciosa, by Glenelg, won a handicap sweepstake in 1:16½ Minnow Park. Brambleton, Baldan, Kalula and Lovely were in the race. In the Autumn stake at Coney Island she again won, defeating Florence Fons, Electric, The Bard, Blue Wing, Brambleton and others. Preciosa should hold her own next year.

N. S. St. John, N. B.—Edward Stokes was first brought to trial on June 19, 1872. The jury disagreed. The case came up again on Dec. 18 of the same year. The verdict this time was guilty, and on June 6, 1873, he was sentenced to be hanged the coming Feb. 28. But a writ of error was obtained, and a new trial commenced Oct. 12, 1873. The result of this trial was that Stokes was sentenced to four years in State prison on a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree.

L. M., Baltimore, Md.—Jem Ward and Tom Cannon fought for £1,000 (\$5,000). The battle was fought on a stage erected on王某's estate, near Warwick, Eng., July 19, 1825. 2 Cannon stood 5 feet 9½ inches in height, and Ward stood 1 inch over Cannon. 3. Ward knocked Cannon out of time in 10 rounds, fought in 10 minutes, the finishing blow Ward gave Cannon knocked him senseless and almost ended his life. He lay senseless for one hour and had to be bled before he came to.

Pugilist, New Orleans La.—1. Tom Kelly, of St. Louis, seconded Paddy Ryan. 2. He is a pugilist, and has fought eight times in the ring. 3. In England he beat Jack Connor, Dan Lomas, Bill Brown, Jack Roche (a crook and all bets declared off) and Hick Rowley. He was beaten by Jack Roche and Harry Allen. He arrived in this country Jan. 11, 1868. On Sept. 11, 1872, at Carroll Island, St. Louis, he fought Fred Bussey, of Chicago, at 164 pounds. Kelly won in 27 rounds, lasting 35½ minutes. He was born at Bradford, Eng., in 1836.

N. C., Cincinnati, O.—Dan O'Leary and John Hughes did compete for the Astley belt. Hughes issued a challenge to run O'Leary for the trophy when he brought it from England. O'Leary refused to compete against Hughes on the ground that he was only a fourth-class pedestrian. Sir John Astley, the donor of the trophy, was notified, and he decided that O'Leary must compete or give up the trophy. O'Leary agreed to do so, and the contest came off at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 3 to Oct. 5, 1878. O'Leary won, Hughes only covering 310 miles.

S. S., Leavitt, Col.—James Renforth, the champion oarsman of England, died at St. John, N. B., Aug. 23, 1871. Renforth, with the Newcastle-on-Tyne crew, James Percy, Bob Chambers and Harry Kelly, were rowing a 6-mile race against the Paris crew, Geo. Price, Samuel Hutton, Elijah Ross and Robert Fulton, on the Kennebecasis river, for \$5,000 and championship of the world. During the race Renforth fainted, and on being taken ashore died.

D. W., Montreal, Can.—Tom King was born at Stepney, London, Eng., Aug. 14, 1835, and when in his teens shipped before the mast, making two voyages to the Coast of Africa on a sailing vessel as an ordinary seaman. 2 King beat Tom Trickle, £100 (S. 50) 49 rounds, lasting 1 hour 2 minutes, Nov. 27, 1860—beat Bill Broome in 43 rounds, 42 minutes, at Frimley, Eng., Oct. 21, 1861, beaten by Jim Mace, 43 rounds, lasting 1 hour 8 minutes, Godstone, Jan. 25, 1862, beat Jim Mace in 21 rounds, lasting 38 minutes. Home Circuit, Nov. 26, 1862; beat John C. Heenan, 24 rounds, lasting 35 minutes, at Wadhurst, Dec. 10, 1863.

J. W., Easton, Pa.—To cure warts on horses take a common suture needle and arm it with a double ligature, each ligature to be composed with three threads of saddle twine, well waxed, pass the needle right through the centre of the wart, close to the skin, tie each half separately with a surgeon's knot as tightly as possible; cut the ends of pretty close to the knot, and in the course of a short time the whole will drop off. A wart having a small circumscribed pedicle may be removed in the same way by tying a single ligature round its base. If the exposed surface should not heat readily, moisten these occasionally with a mixture of aloes and myrrh, and if they show a disposition to ulcerate, sprinkle them with powdered cedar and bloodroot, equal parts.

J. S., Louisville, Ky.—Munting is the favorite for the English Derby to be run in May at Epsom, Eng. 2. Munting is a bay colt by Lord Lyon out of Mint Sauce (trained by M. Dawson, at Newmarket, Eng.) was bred by his present owner R. C. Vyner. The colt has four times previously appeared in public, without sustaining defeat, winning the Seaton Delaval Stakes at the Newcastle summer meeting by six lengths from Jacobite and six others; the Prince of Wales' (Post) Stakes at Goodwood, by 5 lengths, Jacobite again being second; the Champagne Stakes at the Doncaster September meeting, Gay Hermit finishing second, a length and a half behind, with Martinet a bad third, and the Thirty-Eight Triennial Produce Stakes at the Newmarket first October meeting.

J. S., Lexington, Ky.—Vanguard, the race horse, was foaled 1879, bay colt, by Virgil out of La. Henderson, by Lexington, etc. In 1881, as a two-year-old, he ran nine times for G. L. Lorillard, winning twice, and running unplaced seven times. Won the Saratoga stakes at Saratoga (time, 1:15¾) and a handicap sweepstakes at Sheephead Bay, Spring (time, 1:15¾), each six furlongs. Total winnings, \$5,600. In 1882, ran three times in the Islip colors, of which he won once, the Preakness stakes, at Baltimore. Time, 2:44¾; value \$1,250. Ran twice unplaced at Sheephead Bay, and was sold to W. C. Daly, for whom he ran eleven times, winning once a purse of \$150, one mile. Time, 1:05¾. His other races for Daly were four seconds and six times unplaced. Total winnings for 1882, \$1,618.75.

W. G., Boston.—Kirkman's (the race-horse) first victory was at Chicago



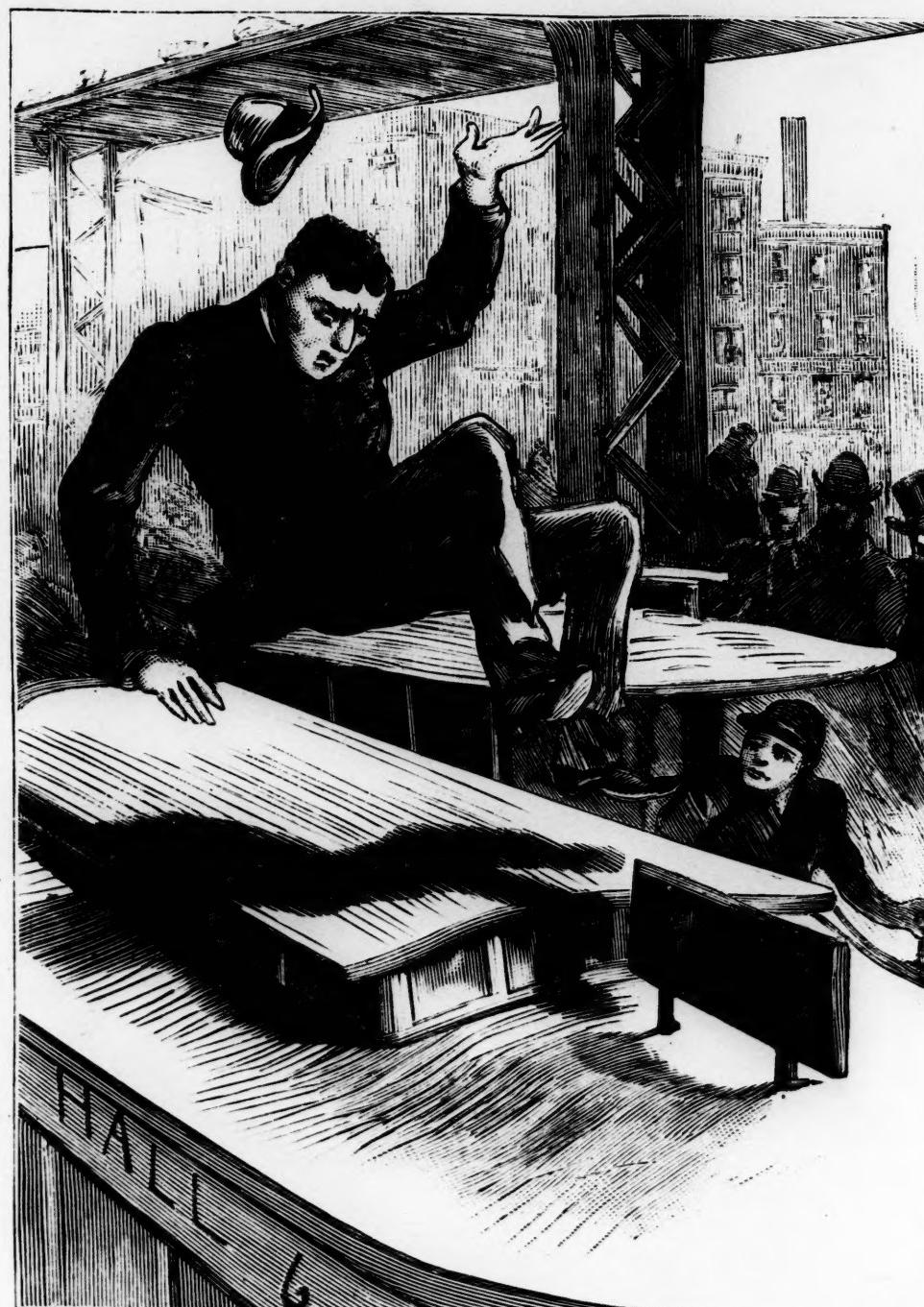
A DESPERATE MUTINY.

TWO MANILLA SEAMEN COMMIT ATROCIOUS MURDERS ON THE AMERICAN SHIP FRANK N. THAYER.



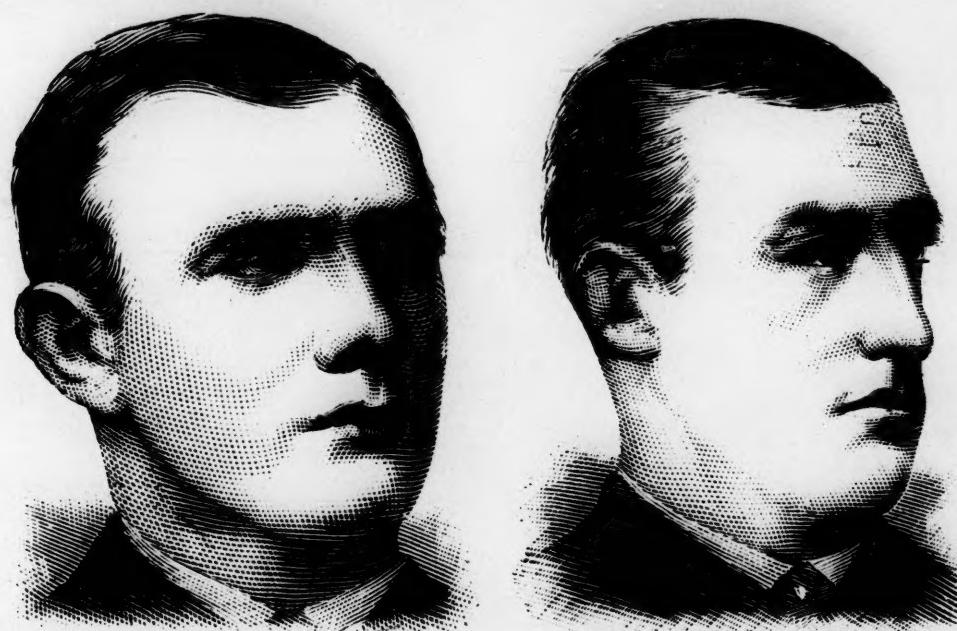
HER DEATH LEAP.

MADAME IRANCHA, A DESPONDENT FRENCH WOMAN, JUMPS FROM HIGH BRIDGE AND IS INSTANTLY KILLED.



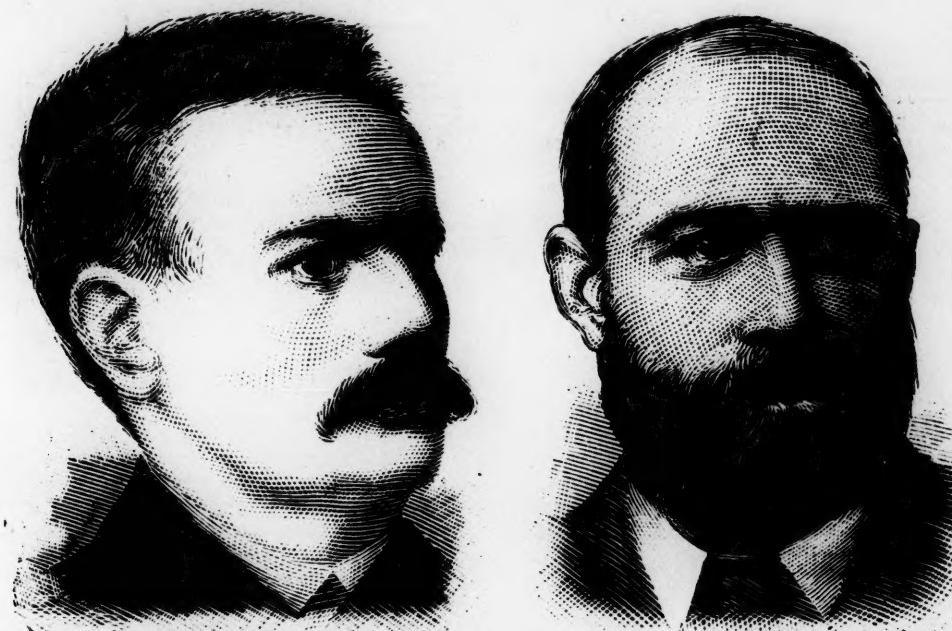
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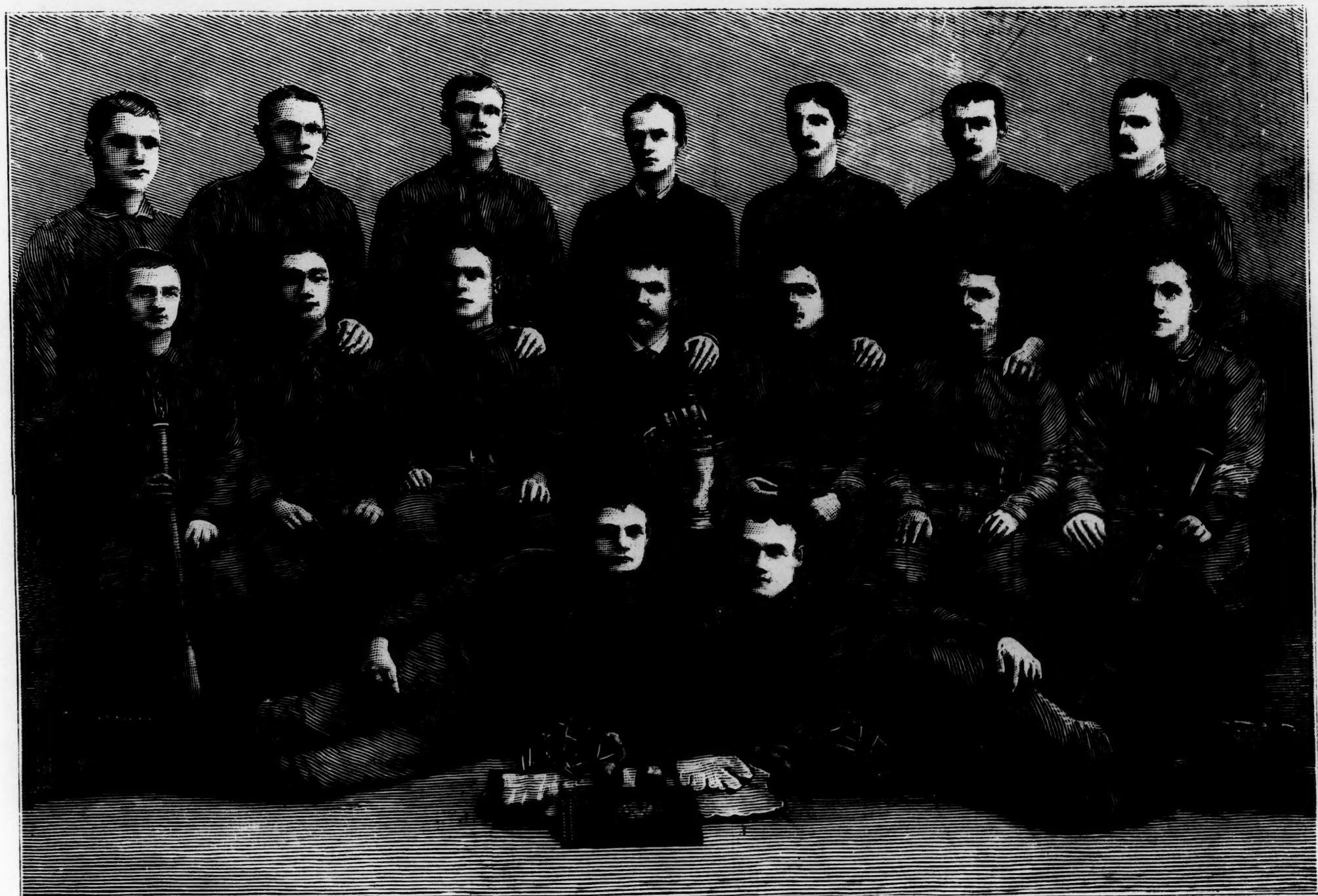


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## FLY CATCHES.

Stray Tips, Artistically Collared from Here, There and Everywhere.

## Trouble Among Journalists.

A war between three local journalists—N. G. Gonzales, of the Columbia bureau of *The Charleton News and Courier*; C. A. Calvo, Jr., proprietor of *The Columbia Register*, and T. J. Lamotte, reporter for the latter paper—occurred at Columbia, S. C., Feb. 2, in which a cowhide, pistols and fists figured. The difficulty grew out of sharp personal criticisms by Lamotte and Gonzales of each other's journalism. About noon Gonzales met Lamotte and struck him a severe blow under the left eye. Bystanders prevented further difficulty. Calvo, upon hearing of the assault upon his employee, armed himself with a cowhide and went in search of Gonzales, coming up with him on the principal street. He was denouncing him for assaulting Lamotte, when Gonzales retorted with a blow, and Calvo drew a cowhide and showered blows upon the head of Gonzales. The latter clinched his antagonist and shoved him against a glass, breaking the glass and cutting Calvo's thigh very severely. The struggle continued, when Gonzales drew a pistol; but instead of firing it, used it as a club on Calvo's head very severely in a number of places. The combatants were separated, and Calvo was taken to a surgeon. The difficulty was renewed at 5 P. M. by a brother of Calvo attacking Gonzales near the scene of the previous difficulty. Calvo's brother was armed with "knucks" and a pistol, and Gonzales with a pistol. Both parties drew their pistols, but before either could use them they were thrown to the ground and disarmed by parties who were anticipating a renewal of the troubles. There is much excitement on the street, and a fresh encounter with deadly results would not be surprising.

## A Firebrand on Roller-Skates.

At the New Haven rink the other night a young man named Wehner was standing close to one of the mammoth stoves, which was running at full power, his eyes were centered on the dancers and he paid no attention to the heat from the stove. In a few minutes a disagreeable odor was prevalent in the atmosphere. A young lady who happened to be near the stove discovered that Wehner's clothing was almost on fire. With great presence of mind she informed him of the fact and he immediately sought a cooler place. It was a narrow escape from what might have been a serious affair.

## Joss Goes on a Big Spree.

All the passenger trains on the Morris & Essex Railway were crowded on the Chinese New Year with Chinamen, who were going to the little New Jersey village of Belleville, near Newark.

As each train arrived at Belleville hundreds of Chinese got out and walked in a long procession, their pigtails flying in the wind, to the Joss temple on the hill west of the town. They entered the temple, gave a five-cent tip to the Chinese priest and knelt reverently before the altar of the elegant new idol—a sandal wood Joss with whiskers.

On Wednesday night some mischievous boys from Newark entered the temple through a window, put an old plug hat on the Joss's head and put a five-cent cigar in his mouth. They then ate up all the sweetmeats that had been set before him, and left without being discovered.

Four hundred Chinamen live in Belleville. When they went into the temple next morning they were astonished to see Joss with a crushed hat on one side of his head and a half burned cigar in his mouth. As all the sweetmeats were gone and had evidently been consumed by him they concluded that he had been making a night of it and had come home about half seas over. Several pious Chinamen made inquiries at the village hotel during the day as to whether Joss had been seen there the night before.

The barkeeper, who had been informed as to the condition in which the Joss had been found, declared that Joss had been in the tavern and ordered champagne all night and had gone home in a buzz greatly intoxicated.

## Unfortunate Tramps.

A strapping, dirty tramp staggered into the Trenton, N. J., police station the other evening in an exhausted condition. He had been sleeping at the lime kiln and the fumes of the burning lime so overpowered him that he rolled into the fire and was terribly burned on the right side before he was rescued. A moment longer and he would have been suffocated. Doctor Murray, who happened to be present, dressed the burn and the tramp was given accommodations for the night.

Robert Wood, an aged resident of Millham, strayed into another kiln. Living down beside the burning lime he was soon asleep. The fire burned out before morning and Wood was discovered nearly frozen to death by Archie Parks. While his clothes were burned in several places from contact with the fire his person was numb from the intense cold, and had he been left alone another hour would have been frozen

stiff. He was brought to the station house more dead than alive and was given reviving drinks by the officials.

## DIVORCED AFTER DEATH.

## A Sad Affair Which Separates a Louisville Drummer and His Young Wife Forever.

Last spring V. B. Haile, a young drummer for a Louisville whiskey house, met in Hawsville, Ky., Miss Lena Marshall, a young girl of rare personal beauty and magnificent physique. She was the daughter of a widow of considerable means who lives five miles from Hawsville. Young Haile fell in love with the girl, and after a brief courtship they were married—however, contrary to the wishes of her friends. They left at once for Louisville. In November the young wife returned to her mother's house, and it was soon whispered that she had come to stay. Later it was learned that the husband had filed a suit for divorce in Louisville, and when the community learned the nature of the charges he had brought against his wife it was appalled. She had been known only as an innocent, light-hearted girl about her old home, never a breath against her fair name having been whispered, and the friends who knew her best refused to credit the statement made in the petition for divorce.

Mrs. Marshall wrote a letter to Haile, in which she attempted to effect a reconciliation between him and his wife. When she read the message to her daughter that night the young woman said: "Mother, how could you write such a letter to the man who has broken my heart?" and then she fell out of her chair, her face striking the floor, and blood oozed out of her mouth and nostrils. The mother quickly summoned other members of the family and sent for a doctor, but before the nearest neighbor arrived the broken-hearted child-wife breathed her last. Examination showed her death was caused by a blood-vessel bursting. The next morning, before the body had been placed in the coffin, the Court in Louisville (no knowledge of her death having been received there) granted to V. B. Haile a divorce from his wife, Lena L. Haile. Whatever the facts were, the people about the young woman's home will never be induced to believe aught against her fair name.

## THE WRONG MAN.

"Excuse me," he said, as he halted a man in the corridor of the City Hall, "but will you lend me your eye-glasses a moment?"

He put them on his nose to read a letter, and returned them with:

"Thanks. Have you the correct time? Ah! Ten-thirty."

He set his watch and confidentially inquired.

"Haven't any tobacco about you, eh?"

He was handed a box, and after helping himself to a liberal share, he remarked:

"I want to mail a letter in the box here, but I find I have no postage stamps. If you—"

He was handed a stamp. When he had licked it on and mailed his letter he said:

"I'm going up Michigan avenue to Twelfth street. Do you happen to have a couple of street car tickets?"

"Sir, this is too much!" exclaimed the other. "I can stand about so much, but after that—"

"There! There! I beg your pardon! How did I know you drew the line on street car tickets? No offense in the least. I'll take your name and make a memorandum of where your generosity ceases, and this thing shan't happen again. I mistook you for a gentleman who draws the line on paying for the coupe when I ask myself up to his house to supper."

## THE LATE MR. JACOB RYNDERS.

## His Death in Montreal.

Mr. Jacob Rynders, brother of Captain Isaiah Rynders of the Empire Club, New York, died at the General Hospital on Thursday of last week at the advanced age of eighty years. He had been possessed at one time of a large fortune, but coming to Canada about forty years ago with a stable of race horses lost everything. He lived at the St. Lawrence Hall, and was intimately acquainted with most of the leading Southerners in the city, ex Gov. Wescott, of Florida, being one of his personal friends. Some three months ago he became very sick, and a week ago was sent to the General Hospital, where he died on Thursday. His funeral was attended by Mr. Hogan, proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hall, Mr. Montgomery, all the employees and many of the prominent citizens. The services were conducted by Ven. Archdeacon Evans. The remains were placed in the vaults awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Turner, of New York, daughter of deceased, who has been telegraphed to claim the body.

Capt. Rynders, brother of deceased, died about six months ago. He was a well known horse breeder, and was the owner of the celebrated horse "Killarney." He was a well known Tammany Hall politician, and was at one time collector of one of the ports in New York State.

## A DUEL IN LOUISIANA.

A duel took place in the suburbs of Plaquemine, near New Orleans, Feb. 2, between William Smith and Ben Anselm, two very prominent young men in Plaquemine society, and both of excellent family, in which the former was seriously wounded. The difficulty arose out of the breaking off of the engagement between Smith and Miss Mary Anselm, sister of the other principal of the duel. The young people had been engaged for some time and were very devoted to each other. A recent affair, however, greatly to the discredit of Smith, induced the parents of the young lady to break off the engagement. Smith revenged himself by speaking against the young lady. Her brother came to her rescue, and the two principals met in the neighborhood of Plaquemine. Revolvers of .32 caliber were used, and four shots fired. Smith received three wounds, one in the frontal bone, one in the forearm, and one above the right kidney. Young Anselm, who was unharmed, immediately surrendered to the authorities.

It seems to be an even thing between Dave Belasco and George Cipriano. They are both constantly writing plays which are "going to be produced next season on a lavish scale." By the way, David's latest "original" drama is said to be a new version of "Fernande."

## A THIEVING JUDGE.

## Ruin of a Prominent Jurist Who Speculated in Wall Street.

The Dwyer family of the town of Liberty is one of the leading families of Monticello, Sullivan county, N. Y. William Dwyer, Jr., a member of this family, a rising young lawyer and special county judge, is now a fugitive from justice, having fled from home to escape arrest and prosecution on charges of forgery and embezzlement. Previous to the developments which were followed by Judge Dwyer's sudden flight he enjoyed a large law practice, making a specialty of the business of loaning money for well-to-do clients on real estate mortgages. Among the clients who implicitly confided their legal and pecuniary interests in his hands was an illiterate old Irishman named Michael Feeney, formerly a resident of Liberty, but lately of Laporte, Pa. In the course of years of toll and thrifl Feeney had saved up a snug fortune. He intrusted large sums with Judge Dwyer for investment. Apparently the investments of Feeney's hard-earned dollars, and the dollars of other capitalists, were judiciously made in sound mortgages. Certain it is that Lawyer Dwyer took it upon himself to collect the interest on the mortgages, and that he promptly paid over the items of interest at the amount paid due.

Michael Feeney died in June last. He was a widower, without children, his nearest kin being a sister and a number of nephews and nieces. Following his demise Judge Dwyer filed in the Sullivan county Surrogate's Court, in which county most of the decedent's property was situated, an application for the probate of an instrument purporting to be a will executed by Michael Feeney a short time before his death, which instrument bequeathed to Judge Dwyer all the old man's property, real and personal, and also constituted Dwyer sole executor of the will. The body of the document was in Judge Dwyer's handwriting, and it purported to be lawfully executed by the testator in the presence of two witnesses. Until the instrument was offered for probate the testator's relatives were not aware of its existence, and they made haste to denounce Dwyer's claim to their natural inheritance as based on forgery and fraud. They engaged counsel, and Surrogate Thornton called the case on the 7th Inst., Dwyer in the meantime having absconded. His attorney promptly withdrew the application for probate, and the Feeney estate, amounting to about \$25,000, will go to the legal heirs.

The suspicious and ugly rumors set afloat by the judge's conduct in the matter of the will led to an investigation of his money-loaning transactions with Feeney, and here, to the astonishment of the many who had placed confidence in the judge's integrity, a most remarkable vein of crookedness was uncovered. Three of the mortgages held by the Feeney estate as securities for loans claiming to have been made by Dwyer, amounting to about \$2,500, were found to be spurious and fraudulent. The alleged mortgagors, three well-known farmers of the town of Liberty, denied borrowing the moneys in question, and each pronounced his signature to the mortgages representing the alleged loans to be a forgery. Another client, who thought he held a valid mortgage for a large amount on a farm in Calicoon, discovered on investigation that no such person as the mortgagor lived in the town, and no such property as the mortgage claimed to cover was in existence there. Similar evidences of crookedness were brought to light.

Dwyer is hiding in Canada. A brother of his, a rich railroad contractor of Toronto, had been in Liberty trying to effect settlements with the judge's victims, but as yet none has been reached. It was not known until after Dwyer went away that he had been for a year or more speculating in Wall street, and that he had lost all of his own money and what he had obtained from clients on fraudulent mortgages.

John A. Stevens has offers to appear in London and the English provinces. If satisfactory terms are made he will go over. If not he will spend the summer in California, with the climate of which he is in love. This accounts for the great exodus from California.

## ONE CENT INVESTED

In a postal card on which to send your address to Hallatt & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, bring you, free, full particulars about work that both sexes, of all ages, can do, and live at home, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards. Some have earned over \$50 in a single day. Capital not required: you are started free.

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## TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

## JEWELERS.

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Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in gold and silver cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.

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## TO ADVERTISERS.

## IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

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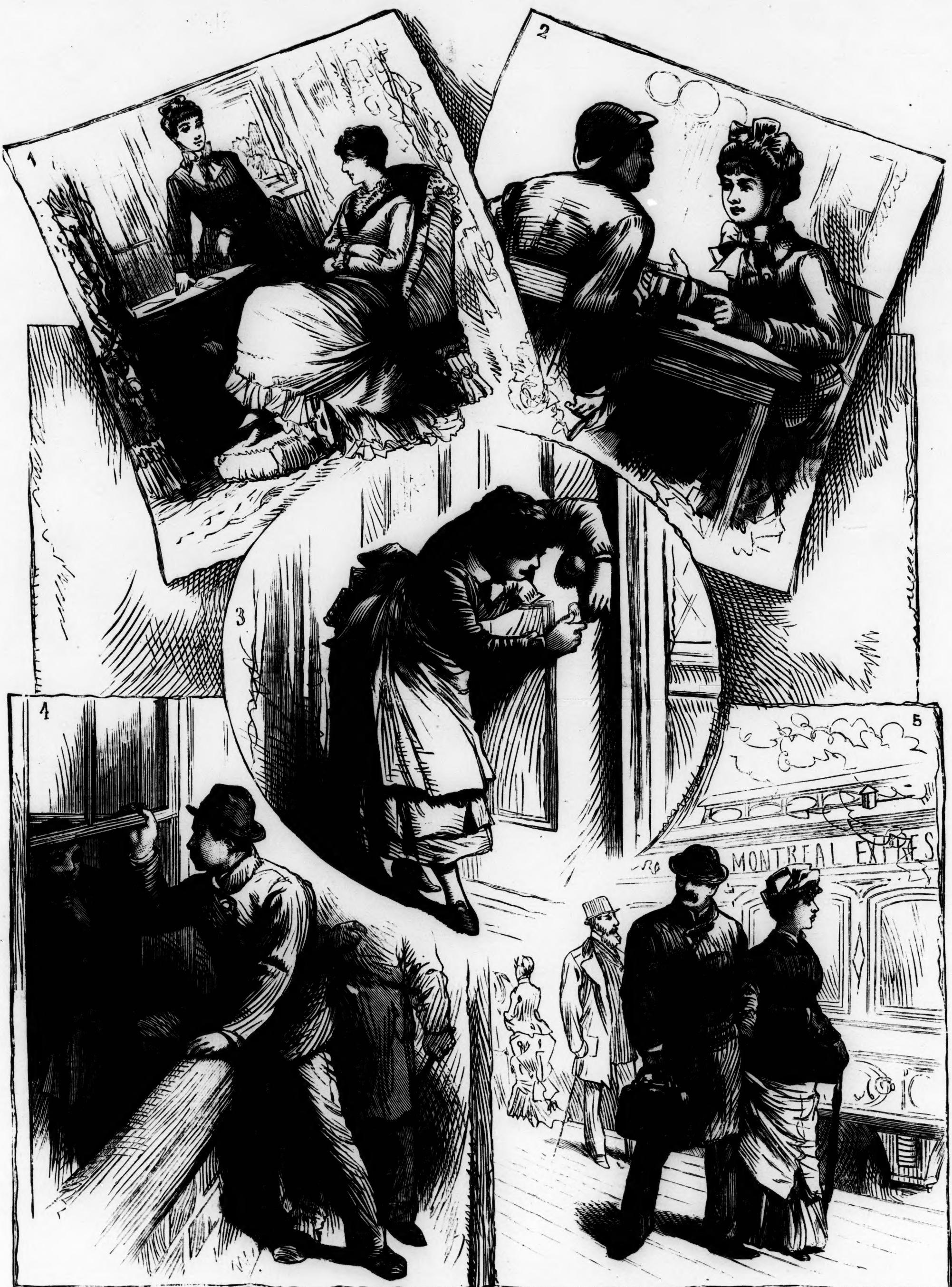
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